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By Henry Haynie

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By Dallas Lore Sharp

THE BEGINNING OF A ROYAL LIFE
By Rev. R. Wood-Samuel

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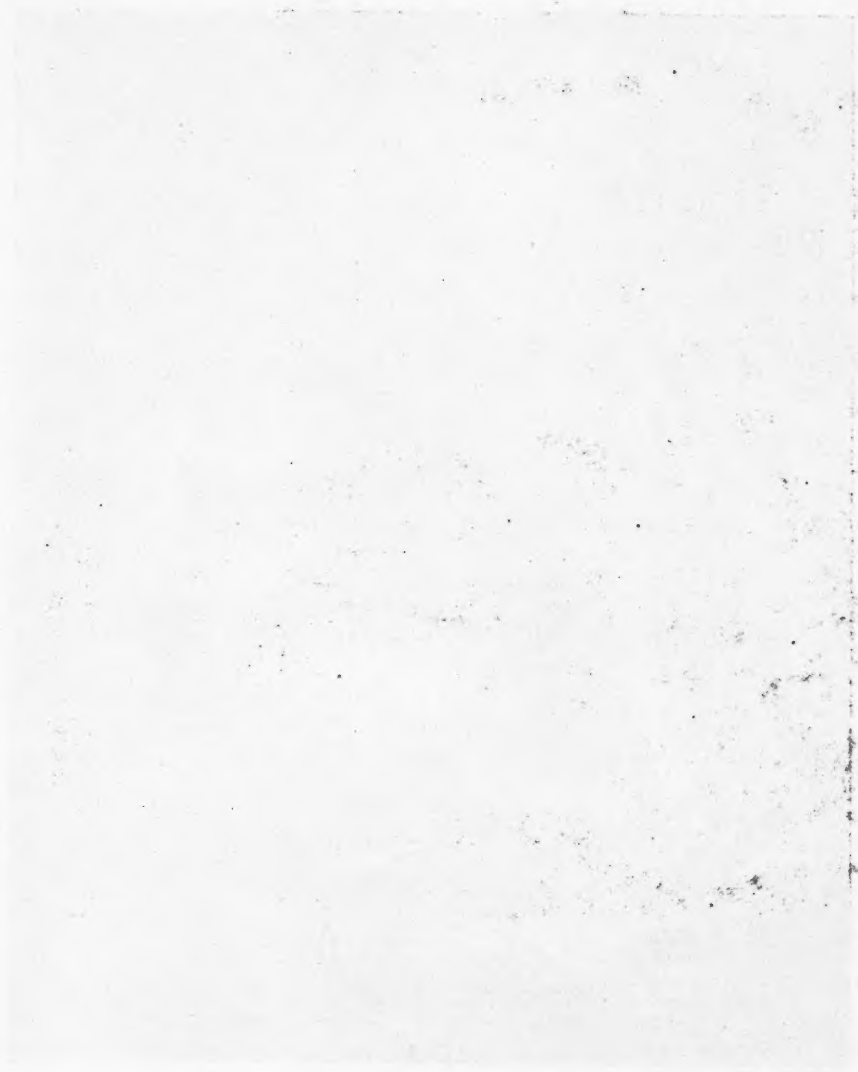
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OF BEAUTY SO GENTLY
THAT YOUTH LINGERS
ON THE FACE OF AGE
AND AGE ITSELF LOOKS YOUTH

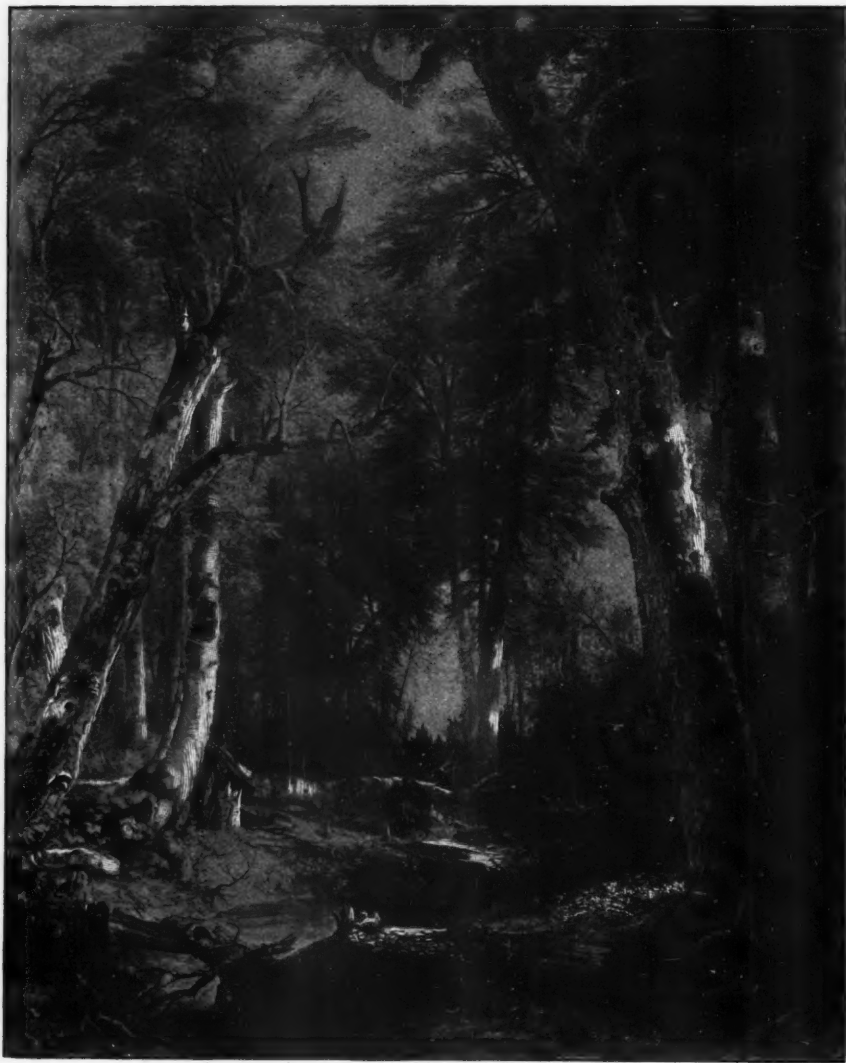
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STREET CRIES OF PARIS

BY HENRY HAYNIE

IT has been claimed that the laws of concord and discord, of harmony and melody are founded in the constitution of man. It is as if he sought as naturally for the gratification of music as for food to allay hunger, or for drink to quench thirst, and this because it is the natural delight and pleasure of the ear. Now time and tune are the indispensable points in all music, and yet for innumerable centuries the only instruments of the divine art were singers. This is why man in his primitive state is so given to its execution. The people of the earth sing by instinct. Sailors heave the anchor to a hearty song, while workmen often accompany their labor with a tune which marks the cadence of their movements. It is music that not infrequently helps the proletaire to "pull together," just as it is music which enables soldiers to endure the fatigues of long and weary marches. In France stone masons and bricklayers have a melody—it is almost a slang song—for calling up their mortar bearers. In the mountains of Austria a little song serves as signal for women and children safe at the cottage home to guide a husband, a father or a brother back from an alp when the day descends. The German

peasant sings as he brings the flocks in from the fields at nightfall; and you may hear the farmer's wife in the Auvergne and in Brittany raise her voice to call goslings, ducks and chickens from their wanderings by musical sounds that they have learnt to know.

Among the things that first strike foreigners when they arrive in a large French city are the street cries by which cart and barrow merchants announce themselves. The great number of these strolling hucksters is a distinctive sign of a large place, and the taller the houses the more piercing are the sounds they cry. A description of the songs thus heard in the streets of Paris all day long would seem to dwellers in the United States more incredible, I'm afraid, than an enumeration of the magnificence of the city itself.

They would hardly believe me if told of the constant succession of open-air solos which are given from day-break to dusk, from rosy morn till dewy eve in the great capital. Over there the male and female old-clothes dealers, the water carriers, the tinkers, the umbrella repairers, the glaziers, the menders of broken china ware, the chimney sweeps, the cheese merchants, the tripe cooks, the goats' milk



CHICKWEED FOR BIRDS.
"DU MOURON POUR VOS
PETITS OISEAUX."

peddlers, the countless individuals who each day trundle barrows and hand carts piled with fruit and fish and vege-



A FISH VENDER. "MARLAN A FEIRE ET LA RAIE."

tables, each and every one of them singing all the while a different melody, these are indeed among the curious sights of Paris.

It is by means of their little *chansonnettes* that costermongers of the French capital come into communion with the purchasing inhabitants. A few notes are sufficient to relate of what their goods are composed, the price per yard, or pound, or pint. Sometimes they add a few staves to extoll the quality of the fruit, the beauty of the flowers, the freshness of the fish; and in this way they spend so much musical energy and at the same time are so attractive in their words that it is indeed difficult to resist their vocal eloquence.

I once knew a girl who in the season of winter months carried on her head of blond hair a basket full of boiled chestnuts, and in a rich contralto voice she sang as she went light heartedly along: "*Commo d'vous qui bol de castagnones? Qui vent de chatagnes, grosses comme des crufs?*" the which was her pleasant way of

asking who will buy chestnuts as big as hen eggs. What eloquence are in those few words for those who are hungry and whose purses are not well lined. And many a resident of Paris has seen laborers leave their work, and sewing girls their foul ateliers to buy of her.

The cries of Paris are of ancient origin, and have not been exclusively adopted for the same merchandise. At first the larger merchants did not neglect that way of attracting the attention of passers-by, and old books tell us that in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries shopkeepers used to stand at the entrance of their stores and thus entice customers to come in. There was no trade or calling which did not resort to this device. One was harassed then as we are nowadays in some Italian towns by barbers anxious to shave, or by greengrocers recommending their salads, soaps and tallow dips.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there were hundreds of young girls in the market of the temple at Paris who called to passers-by their sweetest words to thus offer house linen of all kinds at cheap prices. There was one association of merchants who bought from King Philip Augustus the right to sing of things to sell, and liberty to move and place their criers, for the sum of three hundred and twenty pounds.

Guillaume de Villeneuve has left us a poetic account of the different street cries of Paris in the fourteenth century. Although the convents were often very rich they used to send out daily, and to all parts of the city, several of their best voiced monks to beg. The Brothers of the Holy Cross, whom Louis IX had enriched greatly with gifts, went every morning crying along the street:—

"*Du pain pour la Sainte Croix! Du pain pour la Sainte Croix!*"

Next it was the Franciscan brothers, all begging bread in song. Now that was at least five hundred years ago, but even at the present day visitors to the Eternal City on the Tiber may see barefooted friars going from house to house singing, demanding the means to live, so to speak.

If a person were tolerably well off in wealth, and if he or she wished to have only a penny's worth of everything that is cried for sale daily in Paris streets, and if this were kept up regularly, then that

fortune would soon be spent. These cries of the city thoroughfares have strong analogy with popular melodies, and are interesting from their originality. Yet Parisians who are accustomed to hearing them from early childhood take very little notice of them.

Over there a child grows up in the midst of old clothes merchants, menders of old shoes, or those individuals known as "*marchands des quatre saisons*." This is why lads and lassies are so used to the streets songs of Paris that they pay them no attention. They are for these gamins and gaminettes old acquaintances, and from which they gain their first impressions, their first musical education.

Just as the rural miller, accustomed to the sound of his wheels, hears nothing but the shirring swishing noise of grinding stones and water power, so do Parisians grow up under cries which they seldom notice, but it is different with strangers in the mill. Assailed all at once by the noise of the dreadful tic-tac we realize nothing but chugging chuggy sounds, and it takes a while to get them out of our head again.

For this reason a foreigner visiting Paris the first time is struck by many things that a Parisian born and bred never notices. You must not, however, expect to find taste and beauty in all these songs. Indeed some of them are nothing more than so many screams, while others are insignificant. But there are some worth describing here. In the first place you must know that there are at least thirty thousand of these "*marchands*," all crying in one way or another, the main thing being that they shall gain recognition. Each one of them has tried to find a song or a cry peculiar to himself or to herself and which customers cannot mistake, for they alone must have the key to this strange language.

These street cries may be divided into two categories: sellers and buyers, and these industrial classes are composed of men, women and children, of old, middle aged and young, of Parisians by birth and race and of the peasantry. Some of them, chimney sweeps and glaziers for instance, go in couples, but many, say dealers in old clothes, the cobblers, fruit, flower or vegetable merchants go about alone, nearly all pushing trucks, hand

carts and barrows. Now and then you may meet some who have a donkey, or a horse, or a dog to help them along with their load, and these ride in the cart, but the greater number go on foot and push or pull the vehicle.

From the beginning of the year until the close of it the public is regaled hourly with the well-known cry or the same old call. Each hour of the day, each season, fair or foul weather has its representative in these street songs. Certain parts of the French capital need no clock, the regular appearance of a particular "*merchant*" is sufficient. At seven o'clock, though your bedroom blinds are still closed, you know what time it is, for you hear the chimney sweeper. First breakfast time is announced by the cheerful cry of *petits pains*," and the ambulante



"THE MARCHAND D'HABITS" OR OLD CLOTHES PEDDLER.

greengrocer warns cook that it is high time to put vegetables in the pot for "*dejeuner à la fourchette*." The china

mender tells that things like porcelain must be put in order before the master of the house gets home, and the man who cleans the knives sings in a way which suggests setting of the dinner table.

Men and women who go about selling chickweed for birds are not very numerous, but their street song of "*Mouron pou . . . les p'tits . . . zoisicaux!*" is one of the most curious of them all. Over in the Latin quarter ambulante old clothes buyers are plentiful, and the *mélopée* of "*chand d'habits! chand d'habits!*" is often the sweetest music in the world to a "cleaned out" student who would willingly sell his best suit "for a song" so as to have "one more good time" before his father or the family notary comes up to Paris.

There are milk dealers, too, on many corners, and some of these set up their *laitière* inside the doorway of large tenement houses, that is, when the concierge or porter is an obliging fellow. In London, milkmen and milk women go through the streets at an early hour carrying large zinc cans of the fluid on their heads, and crying aloud: "Milk-oh! milk-oh!" The way in which they pronounce the words "mi-o! mi-o!" enabled a witty Frenchman to assert that what they would really cry was *mi-cau* (half water) *mi-cau!* while disguising the truth under another form.

There are three or four classes of milk merchants in Paris. The industry may be the same, but the way of carrying it on is different. The rural *laitière*, or country girl sent into the capital with milk and cream generally places her tin cans in some open door-way or narrow passage, which place she has occupied from time immemorial, and to which no person would ever presume to think of disputing her possession. They are all dressed precisely alike, and the clothes they wear seem to have been worn for fifteen or twenty years by the same individual. Certainly they look, too, like the same

waists, the same fichus, the same flat, round bonnets, the same dirty skirts, and the same woollen stockings that I noticed on these same honest creatures when I first went to live in Paris more than twenty years ago.

No matter how her business prospers, this particular kind of a milk dealer never changes. There is never any more elegance or tidiness in her appearance, no more of self sufficiency in her gait, no more of regularity in her work. She is on hand with her milk and cream every morning at precisely the same hour, to the minute, rain or shine, in cold or in warm weather. She leaves off work and starts for home at precisely the same hour every day, and meanwhile, when not selling her lacteous stock in trade, she is the busiest gossip in the neighborhood. Nothing escapes her notice. She brings from country to town a thousand incidents and adventures that happened the night before, most of them originally of so trifling importance that no other person but a worthy tattler would ever think to mention them. In return scandals, politics, financial schemes, the latest slang expressions are carried out to her rural hamlet or village to be related there at milking time, or after supper in the public place.

The *laitière ambulante* carries milk from house to house all over Paris. Often she has a horse, sometimes a pair of ponies; or her cart is dragged by a donkey, and not infrequently she has to depend on her own stout legs. Her piercing and repeated cry is:—

"*Qui veut du lait?*"

I may state en passant that all large stables where from twenty to forty cows are kept are called "*nourrisseurs*," but do not imagine that any of them are philanthropic and feed their cows better on that account. Very likely there is not a wholesale or retail milk dealer in Paris, or elsewhere in France, but who would adulterate his stock with chalk, even with lime, and in-



"THE PLUMBER'S ASSISTANT."

crease its quantity with water if the law was not there to make them careful. Milkmen are pretty much the same abroad that they are in America: the "baptism" is the more positive profit of their trade, and this falsification takes place at the pump or well before leaving the cowyard.

Cheese peddlers in Paris are also plentiful, and although many housekeepers get their fromage at a *cremiere*, as the small stores are called where milk, cream, butter, cheese and eggs are sold, the cries of these knock-about merchants are heard everywhere. There are several kind of cheeses thus peddled out from carts and barrows. There is Camembert, Pont-l'Eveque, Gruyère, fromage de Brie, Roquefort, Coulommiers, etc.

Nor must we forget the sober looking knife grinder, who belongs to a class of industrials that are very numerous and very useful. His costume, the primitive instrument of his calling, the gravity with which the fellow does his work are all worthy of observation; and although the wheel that he turns with so much energy is not that of fortune, yet he manages to pick up an honest living. And when I used to see the grey hairs and thoughtful face of the man who worked our rue, it always seemed to me that there was a "*remouleur*" who may have gained but little, yet certainly had laid away something for a rainy day.

His grindstone was mounted on an ordinary wooden frame at the top of which was nailed a sabot or wooden shoe that held the water destined to moisten the revolving stone. Under this cheap machine, and at the right, was the pedal which communicated by a cord to a crank adjusted to that side of the grindstone, and which it turned more or less swiftly, according to the energy which the man threw into his right leg. Thus he sharpened big and little scissors, kitchen knives, butchers' cleavers, etc., etc., even

a razor if some one was fool enough to let him have one to whet.

There is none of the agreeable in the



SELLING OYSTERS. "A LA BARQUE, A LA BARQUE!"

"*puie-e-e, puie! chand parapuie!*" of the *marchand de parapluies*, for when one hears this umbrella peddler there is no need of looking out of the window to see how the weather is. His cry is as good as a barometer.

But street peddlers known locally as "*marchands des quatre saisons*," are the most numerous of all those who with cart and barrow and curious cries represent picturesque Paris. This corporation of human markets who seem to be forever "moving on," is a veritable institution which numbers no fewer than ten thousand licensed persons. Whether they pass through the outskirts of the capital, a basketful of market stuff on each arm, their cries well moistened by frequent "*petits verres*," whether they are stationed by watchful policemen in rows along the streets in some crowded faubourg; or

whether they push their vehicle through the main fashionable avenues of the town, these licensed costermongers, selling to housekeepers and to family cooks their fish, their salads, their fruit or their vegetables, just under the regular market prices, are indeed among the most curious and most interesting types in the great kaleidoscope of the French capital.

The music of their songs are strange, naïf, even barbaric, but they are succinct airs that can be heard easily as high as the fifth or sixth story of an apartment house.

To obtain the brass medal or badge which confers the right to ply the occupation of "*marchand des quatre saisons*," the applicant must prove that she is very poor, and that she is the mother of several children, or has aged parents depending on her for support. It is justly looked upon among the poor classes as a great

favor, and may be considered as the "*bureau de tabac*" of the *proletaire*. These hucksters are, however, not allowed to sell everything; it is only the so-called perishable products of the markets that they are permitted to peddle. By the term "perishable market products," is meant all food that spoils if not consumed immediately, so to speak.

Fish, green vegetables, butter, eggs, cheese, and even meat are what these merchants usually cry through the streets of Paris, and as they are in active and direct competition with the regular grocers, butchers and dairy people, those stationary trades folk have adopted the combination of the "*sou in the franc*," that is to say, the payment of five per cent. commission to all household servants who purchase from them in preference to buying from the "*quatre saisons*" tribe.

While most "*marchands*" are women, the trade is not exclusively confined to that sex. Those who are licensed to engage in it are required to live in Paris, to ply it personally, and to do so every day under penalty of having their brass badge recalled. These regulations are, however, often evaded. Many holders of medals find a way of turning them over to others in consideration of three francs (sixty cents) a day, and the police have to keep a sharp lookout for a lot of shrewd Normandy peasants who are in the habit of returning to their small farms in the dull season leaving their licenses with friends, to reappear when spring brings on a revival in the kitchen trade.

The rue faubourg Montmartre and the rue faubourg St. Denis are the favorite streets with these *marchands des quatre saisons*, partly because the population in those quarters is dense, and partly because there are few or no public markets thereabouts. From seven till eleven o'clock in the morning these two streets fairly ring with a charivari of cries incomprehensible to any but Parisian ears. "*A la barque*" means that



A MENDER OF OLD CHAIRS. "AVEZ VOUS DES CHÈSES A REMPLIR?"

that particular merchant has oysters (always in the shell) for sale. The fish sellers have quite a variety of songs according to the nature of their stock. For instance we hear them crying "*La moule est fraîche, la moule est bonne,*" which means that his clams, or rather mussels, as the genuine clam is known in Paris, are fresh and good. "*Elle arrive, la raie* (skate) *toute en vie!*" is another common cry. And now it is "*Merlan* (species of whiting) *du jour! merlan à frire, à frire!*"

There are salad peddlers, merchants of lettuce and crisp romaine, of curly chicory, of barbe de Capucin—rather bitter for some tastes—of mache and of scarole, as well as sellers of water cress. There is not another city in all the world where such delicious salads can be obtained. Climate is in large part the cause of this superiority, but the system of cultivation must also be counted. Most all these salads, certainly all the lettuce species, are grown under huge bell glasses, and these crystal houses remind us of the "bottled sun beams" of Sydney Smith which we have laughed at, but which we literally have in French gardens.

"Cresson de fontaine,
Santé certaine,
Cresson de chors,
Santé de corps—"

and so the cries go on. "*Voulez-vous de pigeonneaux?*" asks a peddler of squabs; the potato man yells himself hoarse with "*pommes de terres au boisseau!*" though they may be bought by weight as well as by measure. "*La belle valence, la belle valence!*" sings the woman with oranges, and in 1894 I heard the cry of "*la belle florida.*" But the delicious navel oranges of Southern California have not yet been put on the Paris market. "*Les petits radis roses, à dix centimes la botte,*" means that small red radishes are selling for two cents a bunch, while as soon as cherries make their appearance we hear them calling, "*à la douce, cerises à la douce!*"

I think the street cries that I have thus

outlined are the more striking ones of the French capital, although perhaps a few may have been overlooked. Aside from



PEDDLING POTATOES. "V'LA LA POMMES DE TERRE AU BUSSEAU!"

these, and quite as brimful of local color are the street singing teachers. These ambulant professors are not so numerous now as they were before the revolution, but they are not scarce by any means. That the Paris street singers are as old as the streets themselves, is a popular French saying. It would be no trouble to show that they were met with when the Romans under Julian the Apostate were in Lutetia; and there would be no overweening show of learning to recognize them in the Middle Ages as Breton harpists, or something of that sort, accompanying themselves with rotes or psalterions, reciting fragments of epics, or singing the songs of the period.

In the sixteenth, seventeenth and especially the eighteenth centuries, the popular singer, the street singer, never ceased to draw a crowd around him, and to regale that crowd with popular songs and

couplets, either on the bridges of Paris, or in the public squares. Under the Directory the fellows were particularly aggressive and sometimes paid for their audacity in prison or in exile. Professional Paris street singers are therefore found in all times, and if there are fewer of them in our days, these are far from having let their profession fall into disuse. It may not, therefore, be uninteresting to sketch his present physiognomy which is curious and complex.

This professional is not a café-concert singer; he has too little talent and not enough voice for even that. Many understudies for Paulus or Kam-hill, worn out while waiting for a chance that never comes, doubtless descend from the stage to the street, but it is not rare to count among the members of that tuneless brotherhood young persons who once aspired to the footlights of the Grand Opera itself, if you please. But I am inclined to think that most of them are laborers or mechanics who have quitted the shop or bench for some reason or other, a bad man rather than a good one, or those who are following the calling of their parents, bohemians of the gutter, plausibly preserving hereditary traditions by taste, idleness or good for nothingness.

Perhaps the professional Paris street singer once had a voice, but if so the open air, or small glasses of strong drink have made it harsh and heavy. There are some who take care of themselves, however, and if they sing flat it is because, not knowing an insidious note of music, they have but imperfectly retained the airs heard or played. This singer may learn badly, but he knows a lot, or rather he should be said he varies his repertoire frequently, for above all he is the voice bearer and teacher of that which is new for the moment.

When professionally on duty one of these singers stations himself at a street corner, in a "no thoroughfare" way that has been barred for repairs, or on one of the public places. Sometimes he sings as

he walks slowly along, stopping only when his circle of auditors appears to him to be large enough; and when he has sung the tune two or three times to them he sells them the song from a package under his arm at two cents each to any who may care to buy.

His chanson begun, every one gathers around him: the inevitable scullion or pastry cook's boy who has been urged to hurry; the district telegraph messenger, who is also supposed to be in great haste; the soldier in town on furlough, and the nurse "out shopping;" the apprentice lad, the plumber's assistant, the waiting cabman, and idlers generally, including a real "gent," or a stylish looking "dame" now and then, stop to hear a bit of a song in the open air.

There are plenty of those who buy the chanson thus commenced, and pretty soon they accompany the professor in the last couplets. *Que voulez vous?* The song pleases them, and that is the main thing to be considered. It is a national taste; besides it responds to French wit. That which first comes to the lips of the street singer is the latest comic song. For a while it was "*L'Amant d'Amanda*," the "*Ronde des Commis Voyageurs*," or "*Il n'a pas son parapluie*." Then came the early repertoire of Yvette Guilbert, and then the "*Thamaraboundi*" of Lottie Collins.

To a certain extent the professional street singer is then the echo of the song writer's opinions, but there is more than one string to a guitar. Romantic ditties, love songs, tender couplets, patriotic refrains, all these have their admirers and to these he caters. These customers are sensitive and sympathetic. They understand and like the street singer, for with only a little imagination they can believe him to be a great artiste or an ex great artiste. He teaches them how to sing chansons à la mode, and in turn they buy his printed songs and give him a tear or a smile with a native delicacy and generosity that pays the poor devil good interest for all his efforts.





THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT, THE PARENTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE BEGINNING OF A ROYAL LIFE

BY REV. R. WOOD-SAMUEL

Rector of Ravensden, Bedford, England; late Precentor and Preacher of the Royal Church of St. Anne, Westminster.

REVIEWING the circumstances in connection with the Royal Family of England, immediately after the birth of Queen Victoria, it would appear naturally that the prospects of the House of Hanover were anything but favorable. The victim of an incurable disease, George III. was driven to a secluded life, and no legitimate heir to the throne could be found amongst the children of his fifteen sons and daughters. Brought up in a virtuous house, his sons had not been susceptible to its influence, but had lent themselves to the wildest dissipation, or had chosen as the objects of their affections, unroyal ladies, who could not be recognized as their legitimate wives—as the possible mothers of a future sovereign. Where was the hope for the House of Hanover? It rested solely in one individual—Princess Charlotte—an only child of an unfortunate marriage,

who, through her sweet nature and promising character, called for the sympathy and support of the nation. She married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and by their alliance, which was a wise and a very happy one, the family of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—at that time apparently obscure—was brought into a prominent position, which it has held ever since. In this happy couple, there was established the faculty—developed latterly even more strongly in Victoria and Albert—of combining with a quiet and unostentatious private life, a constant devotion to public affairs. In the midst of widespread dissipation and vice, a noble example was set by their high standard of life. Their devotion to duty, without any thought for aggrandizement, or any attempt at ambitious display, called for universal admiration. But the hope thus established was soon extinguished. Little more than a

year had passed by, when, through the early death of Princess Charlotte, the young household was broken up and the Royal Household found itself childless. The situation so unexpected was not a little startling; the more so, because, though there were several brothers, only the two eldest were married in the manner allowed by English law; the Duke of York who was childless, and the Duke of Cumberland, whose first living child was not born till 1819. The remaining three brothers all married in 1818, the year after the death of Princess Charlotte—the Duke of Cambridge on May 7th, a Princess of Hesse Cassel; the Duke of Clarence on July 11th, Adelaide, a Princess of Meiningen; and the Duke of Kent, on the same day, a sister of Prince Leopold of Coburg (afterwards King of the Belgians) the widowed Princess of Leiningen. The Duke of Kent (father of Queen Victoria) fourth son of George III., was deservedly known as the "Popular duke." He was a tall and stately man, characterized by his courtesy and engaging manners. At an early age he had entered the army and served with distinction abroad, at Gibraltar and in Canada. He never received the affection of his brothers, probably on account of his more liberal views; and his father treated him with indifference. Debts and encumbrances, accumulated through a diminutive income and extreme generosity, were a source of constant anxiety and difficulty. Though living—after his marriage to the Princess Victoria of Leiningen—at her castle of Amorbach in Bavaria, he was by no means forgotten in England, where his life had been distinguished by good citizenship. He associated himself and was officially connected with many charitable institutions, and when serving in Canada in 1793 he was patron of the first Sunday Free School at Quebec, and was the first commander of a regiment who established a regimental school. It was therefore not unnatural or without good reason that the people who had expressed great joy at his marriage, held out the hope that he would return to England and become the chief of the Royal Line.

Personally charming and attractive, a woman of fine figure, with winning manners and graceful accomplishments combined with an affectionate, sympathetic

and unselfish nature, his wife was worthy of him. He himself firmly believed that he would ascend the throne of England and that the duchess would give him an heir or heiress. "My brothers are not so strong as I am, and have not lived so regular a life." He was most eager and desirous that his first child should be born in England. "The event is likely to be about the end of May, or soon after. My own wish is that the day might be the fourth of June, as that is the birthday of my revered father, and that the child too, like him, should be Briton born." In the spring of 1819 he came to England. He first thought of taking a house in Lanarkshire, in which case the queen would have been born a Scotch woman, but he finally fixed upon his abode at Kensington Palace. It was here that the duchess gave birth to a princess. The event happened at sunrise on May 24th, 1819, and the news was conveyed to the public by means of the following notice:—

"This morning at a quarter past four o'clock, the Duchess of Kent was happily delivered of a princess. H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, his Grace, the Duke of Wellington (master general of the Ordnance), the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl Bathurst, the Bishop of London, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Rt. Hon. George Canning were in attendance. H. R. Highness is—God be praised—as well as can be expected, and the young Princess is in perfect health."

A room in Kensington Palace, has a brass plate upon one of its walls, bearing the inscription: "In this room Queen Victoria was born, May 24th, 1819." In another room which was her nursery, are still to be seen some of her toys.

Although several lives stood between the infant princess and the throne, her father seemed with prophetic instinct to designate her as the future queen. "Take care of her,"—he would say,—"for she will be Queen of England." The grief, which had been universal when the Princess Charlotte died, seemed to indicate that the people were eager for a queen; there was therefore no disappointment felt that the little infant at Kensington was a girl. The Dowager Duchess of Coburg, when writing congratulations to her daughter, said: "Again a Charlotte—destined, per-

haps to play a great part one day, if a brother is not born to take it out of her hands. The English like queens, and the niece of the ever-lamented, beloved Princess Charlotte will be most dear to them."

When the mother's intention to rear the child herself was publicly known, the greatest satisfaction was expressed, and constant anxiety and interest was shown in the daily bulletins issued, as to the health and progress of the young child. She was a thrice-welcome child, born of a happy union between noble parents, at the season of the year when the world of nature was jubilant with song—the sweet

while she was known as the Princess Alexandrina or "little Drina," but gradually her mother's name was adopted, and she was known only as the Princess Victoria. The prince regent, who was present at the baptism, was one of the sponsors, the Emperor Alexander of Russia (represented by the Duke of York) being the other. Her godmothers were the Queen Dowager of Württemberg (represented by the Princess Augusta) and the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, represented by the Duchess of Gloucester. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Manners Sutton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and



KENSINGTON PALACE, LONDON, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE QUEEN.

spring time; and seemed from her birth to "bask in the sunshine of love." She is described as a babe of a happy and lively disposition, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, a fair skin, and looking the very picture of health. It was exactly one month after her birth, that is to say on Thursday, June 24th, that the little princess was christened. The grand saloon at Kensington Palace was beautifully fitted up for the occasion, and in accordance with precedent, the gold font from the Tower of London was brought over for the purpose. The ceremony took place in the presence of the members of the illustrious household. The babe was named Alexandrina Victoria, though Elizabeth was the name chosen by her father—the duke. For a

Doctor Howley, Bishop of London. After the service the illustrious company walked in the gardens attached to Kensington Palace, and in the evening of the same day, a large dinner party took place, when the health and prosperity of the young princess were warmly toasted. It is interesting to notice that the queen was the first member of the Royal Family to be vaccinated, which event took place when she was three months old.

There is no doubt that first among the influences that made Queen Victoria what she now is, must be noted the constant watchful care of her devoted mother. The duchess nursed her infant at her own bosom, and attended personally, to the minutest details of her every-day life.

There was no "nursery breakfast" but it was usual for the little one as she grew older to partake of her meals at a small table placed beside her mother, and always of the food carefully selected for her. At night every precaution was taken, and the princess for ten years never slept out of her mother's room. The greatest care was given to health and physical development, supplemented by the wisest of training as regards the mind. Yet the princess was to be educated carefully and religiously as a simple English lady; and for some years people thought but little of the duchess and her child, living so quietly and unostentatiously at Kensington. "Little Drina" was seldom left to the care of servants, receiving her mother's constant and personal attention, who through her great attachment to the child could hardly tolerate any one else attending to her. It would be interesting perhaps, to give here some idea of the daily routine of life as followed in the Kensington Home. At eight o'clock, the duchess and her family, having paid their morning tribute of prayer and thanksgiving, partook together of their first social meal, which in warm weather was often set out on the lawn. After breakfast, the princess would go, in company with her half-sister, Princess Feodora (a daughter of the duchess by a former marriage) for a walk, or ride on a donkey, round Kensington Gardens. From ten to twelve o'clock, the time was devoted to lessons, either from her mother or Fraulein Lehzen. This was followed by a romp with her nurse, Mrs. Brock, known to the child by the name of "dear, dear Boppy." Two

o'clock was luncheon time for the duchess, and the children's dinner hour, a meal always of the simplest kind. After dinner, followed more lessons, and then another drive or perhaps a visit. It was during one of these drives that the little princess had a narrow escape from being killed, through the upsetting of the pony carriage. A serious accident was averted through the promptness of a soldier passing at the time, named Maloney, who caught at her clothes and pulled her out of danger.

These earlier years of the queen's life, though lived in comparative seclusion, are yet full of interesting and characteristic anecdotes. A pretty story is told of the visit of the infant harp-player, Lyra, to Kensington Palace, to the great delight of Princess Victoria, whose chief enjoyment, however, was not found to be in the harp playing so much as in having a little companion of her own age to talk to. The duchess return-



THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER CHILD
AT TWO YEARS OF AGE.

ing to the room after a brief absence, found the two children sitting on the hearth rug together with toys strewn around them, laughing and chatting, apparently oblivious of the presence of the harp!

When seven months old, the princess was taken by her parents on a trip to the West of England. They were entertained for a few days, en route, by the Bishop of Salisbury at his palace. The bishop's daughter, going one evening to the nursery to see little Victoria prepared for bed was not a little surprised to find the duchess herself performing that office for the infant. During this visit to Salisbury an amusing incident occurred. The ven-

erable prelate, was very much attached to the Princess Victoria, and was always delighted to play with her. On one of these occasions the gravity of the assembled company was seriously disturbed by an unexpected incident. The princess centred her attention upon the bishop's wig, into which she thrust her tiny fingers and displaced it. The bishop was highly amused, though the babe herself seemed to enjoy the fun of it most of all! In order to escape the severity of the winter, the duke and duchess removed at the end of the year, with their precious child, into Devonshire, to a house—"Woolbrook

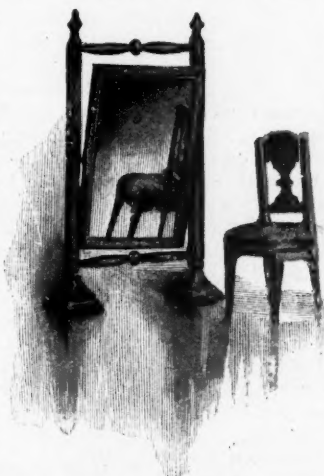
Glen," at Sidmouth, a charming spot a short distance from the sea. It was here that the child had another narrow escape from death. A small boy was shooting close to the house, where the royal party was staying. He discharged his gun so near to one of the nursery windows, that some of the panes of glass were broken, and some of the shot passed within an inch or two of the infant, who was at the time in the arms of her faithful nurse "Boppy," who was mightily alarmed. The duke immediately set forth in search of the of-

fender, who was soon discovered. It was only an accident, however, and the reckless young sportsman, after many tears of contrition, was lectured by the duke and allowed to go. Little did the dutiful and devoted parent think that his own end was so near at hand! Death had passed over the child, but only to lay its hand upon the father! Only a day or two after the incident just recorded, that is on January 13th, 1820, the duke returned home from a long walk in the snow. Prudence would have led him to the removal of his wet clothing forthwith, but attracted by the sight of his little daughter, he could not resist a few minutes with her for play. But the delay was fatal.

The next day inflammation of the lungs set in, which brought about a speedy death on January 23. The marriage had been a genuine love-match, and the duchess had proved herself a faithful wife, as well as a devoted mother. Two days later the inhabitants of Sidmouth, who had welcomed the royal folk so heartily, now stood sorrowfully to watch the departure of the widowed duchess and her babe for London. The little princess was to be seen at the carriage window, laughing joyously at the people, in happy unconsciousness of the great loss she had sustained. Prince Leo-

pold (afterwards king of the Belgians) who had arrived at Sidmouth just in time to see his sister's husband breathe his last, escorted her to London. In his "Reminiscences" he says: "The duchess, who had lost a most amiable and devoted husband, was in a state of the greatest distress. The poor duke had left his family deprived of all means of subsistence. The journey to Kensington was most trying and the weather very severe." Thus the widow, besides her overwhelming grief, found herself burdened with the debts of her husband, which rendered her position the more difficult.

Fortunately, however, she had the staunch friendship of her brother who was unremitting in his attentions to his royal sister and niece. He most generously supplemented the jointure of £6,000 which the duchess received from the country, and thereby enabled her to rear the future queen in a manner befitting her position. She at once resolved to carry out the wishes of her husband, contained in the will, executed on the last evening of his life, in which he nominated her as the sole guardian of his dear child, the Princess Alexandrina Victoria. And right nobly did she acquit herself in her most trying po-



TOYS FROM THE QUEEN'S DOLL HOUSE.

Drawn by Rosamond L. Smith.

sition. It would have been impossible to find a more conscientious and loving guardian for this child, destined to be-



THE PONY CARRIAGE USED BY
THE QUEEN AS A CHILD.
Drawn by Rosamond L. Smith.

come the monarch of a great empire. Some years afterwards the duchess thus referred to her bereavement, in words in which there is a depth of pathos: "A few months after the birth of my child, my infant and myself were awfully deprived of father and husband. We stood alone, almost friendless and unknown in this country. I could not even speak the language of it. I did not hesitate how to act. I gave up my home, my kindred, my duties (the regency of Leiningen) to devote myself to a duty which was to be the sole object of my future life. I was supported in the execution of my duties by the country. It placed its trust in me, and the Regency bill gave me its last act of confidence. I have in times of great difficulty avoided all connection with any party in the state; but if I have done so, I have never ceased to press on my daughter her duties, so as to gain by her conduct the respect and affection of the people. This I have taught her should be her first earthly duty as a Constitutional Sovereign." Who would have wondered if a young German princess, almost left alone in a strange and not very genial country—with which she had had but little time to get acquainted—with an accumulation of debts before her, and left deprived of almost all means of existence—had withdrawn with her child to her own country, where she could have reared the young child amongst her own people, at much less cost than in extravagant England?

Her sound judgment and good sense ruled otherwise for she never forgot that her precious child was the first Princess of the Blood Royal, English above all else, and demanding an English education. Thus far removed from her friends and all that was dear to her, she began her career of self-denial and devotion by remaining in England. With no desire to shine in court circles, she was quite content to retire to the comparative seclusion of Kensington Palace.

When the Houses of Parliament had voted the addresses of condolence upon the death of the duke, they were brought to Kensington Palace and presented to the widowed mother. She received them with her baby in her arms. Representatives from many societies and institutions likewise presented addresses and on every occasion, the little infant was shown to those who came. A touching incident occurred on the first visit of the Duke of York to the Duchess of Kent, after her sad bereavement. The child was brought in to him at his request, and, it is believed, recognized the strong likeness of the duke to her dead father; at any rate, the little one stretched out its tiny arms and called "Papa!" The duke was greatly affected by this and promised to be a father to her—a vow he faithfully kept.

On December 10th, 1820, the Duchess of Clarence gave birth to a child, who was



PIANO ON WHICH THE QUEEN LEARNED TO PLAY.
Drawn by Rosamond L. Smith.

baptized Elizabeth by command of King George IV. The child had been born prematurely and was never really strong enough even to be taken into the open air. When only twelve months old she was attacked with convulsions and died at St. James's Palace. The high importance of this event, as bearing upon the succession to the throne, was immediately recog-

seen the duchess and her daughter with two men-servants, walking round about. The princess often rode a donkey which had been given to her by her uncle, the Duke of York, and though this gaily caparisoned animal was in charge of the servants, the mother was always present in addition. Writing to a newspaper, when the princess was three years old, a



ENGLAND'S SOVEREIGN AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

nized by the people, whose interest in the Princess Victoria perceptibly increased; as it appeared evident that, except for some unforeseen accident, the young princess must become queen. Her mother, however, studiously avoided any attempt to place her child under the public eye and did her utmost to screen from her the possibility of the illustrious future she might inherit.

Pedestrians passing through Kensington Gardens in those days might have

correspondent says: "Passing accidentally through Kensington Gardens, I observed a party, consisting of several ladies, a young child, and two men-servants, having in charge a donkey, gaily decorated with blue ribbons and accoutred for the use of the infant. On approaching the royal party, the infant princess, observing my respectful recognition, nodded and wished me a 'good-morning' with much liveliness, as she skipped along between her mother and her companion,



QUEEN VICTORIA AT TEN.

holding a hand of each. Her Royal Highness is remarkably beautiful, and her gay and animated countenance bespeaks perfect health and good temper. The dignity of her infantine countenance reminded me of our late beloved Princess Charlotte."

An interesting example of the training of the young princess received from her mother is given by a lady who is still living. This lady relates that she was walking as a schoolgirl in Kensington Gardens, when the school met the duchess and her daughter. The young ladies all curtsied, but the princess failed to return the salute. Shortly afterwards a footman was ordered to ask the governess to stop the girls of the school, that the princess might come and repair her omission. This she accordingly did; and such an incident shows the watchfulness of the mother in even the smallest matters. On another occasion, when walking with her sister in the gardens, she met a little girl, somewhat younger than herself, having hold of her mother's hand. The princess curtsied to the mother, who returned the salutation, and then to the child who took no notice. She curtsied again, but the other

baby remained motionless. "Make a curtsy to me, baby," said the princess. "Why don't you make a curtsy to me?" This request being repeated without producing any effect, the princess turned away saying to Princess Feodora, "Poor baby, she can't make a curtsy, can she?" The young princess was very fond of greeting the persons whom she met in the course of her daily walks and drives. "How do you do?" and "Good-morning, sir," or "lady," were the usual salutations, and she was always quite willing to engage in conversation. She was also particularly fond of other children, and whenever a nurse maid came along with a baby, she would insist upon seeing it close at hand. She was extremely pleased to meet a young ladies' school, and it was always the youngest scholars in whom she took the keenest interest.

In those happy days of childhood, the mother and her daughter travelled a good deal about England, and were frequently to be seen at many of the coast watering places. Ramsgate was a favorite spot with them, and a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* tells us how he saw the princess when five years old, playing on the Rams-



COVER FAC-SIMILE OF THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE TOY-BOOK.

Drawn by Rosamond L. Smith.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN WITH HER MOTHER THE
DUCHESS OF KENT.

gate sands, in her simple dress, "a plain, straw bonnet with a white ribbon round the crown, a colored muslin frock, looking gay and cheerful, and as pretty a pair of shoes on as pretty a pair of feet as I ever remember to have seen. Talking to her was William Wilberforce. As the princess

and her mother left the sands to walk to their residence, the child was seen to run back and put some silver into the lap of an old woman sitting on a door step."

Another interesting episode of the early childhood of the queen may here be related, as having happened about the same

time and place as the above. She paid a visit to a lighthouse the keeper of which was a lonely and childless widow. This woman was much interested in missionary work, for which she regularly made a contribution from her tiny income, which was made up chiefly of the contributions she received after showing people over the lighthouse. One morning a gentleman rewarded her with a sovereign. Her first thought was to give the unexpected contribution to the missionary box; then she remembered her own many pressing needs, but finally gave the sovereign for missionary work. Later in the same day, a lady and her daughter called to view the lighthouse, and heard of the sovereign incident. On leaving she gave the widow a handsome donation. But the matter did not end there. The lady—a widow herself—felt greatly interested in the lonely woman, and a few days after the visit, a messenger called at the lighthouse and asked her acceptance of £30, £25 being a present from "the lady who called" and the remainder from her little daughter. Is it necessary to add that the kind and thoughtful donors were the Princess Victoria and her mother? Similar deeds were numerous.

Regarding the influences bearing upon the formation of the character of the queen, it is to be noted that from her youngest days she had been taught the Holy Scriptures. When the Rev. G. Davys became her teacher, her mother made a special request that other studies should not be allowed to crowd out the study of the Bible, but that he should read some portion of it with his pupil every day. There could not have been much idle time in the daily life of the princess, seeing that with the united teaching of her mother, Miss Lehzen (afterwards Baroness Lehzen) and the

Rev. G. Davys, her course of study embraced music, drawing, painting, French, German, Italian, Latin and other secular learning, in addition to riding and various other accomplishments. Soon after Lord Grey came into office, he suggested the advisability of appointing a bishop to superintend the education of the young princess—a proposal which was more than once forced upon the duchess; who, however, resented it, being perfectly satisfied with the teaching capacity of the Rev. G. Davys, whom she had herself appointed tutor. It was pointed out to her that so important an office would be more appropriately filled by a dignitary of the Church, to which she replied: "There can surely be no difficulty in promoting Mr. Davys to the dignities of the Church." He was afterwards appointed Dean of Chester and subsequently Bishop of Lincoln. One of these right reverend prelates asked the pupil what her opinion of Queen Elizabeth was, to which she replied: "I think she was a very great queen, but I am not quite sure that she was so good a woman."

How her early training and education have influenced the subsequent life and actions of the queen, history forcibly relates, but one result already apparent at the time just referred to may be noted. The duchess had striven to inculcate rigid truthfulness, and very successfully impressed this highly important factor on the budding mind of her daughter. One morning the princess caused her governess some anxiety, and was indeed, refractory during the hours of study. The duchess afterwards came to enquire how the princess had behaved. The governess replied, "Oh, once she was rather troublesome." Princess Victoria, gently touched her arm and said. "No, Lehzen, *twice*, don't you remember?"

TIME

Time hath a threefold stride from first
to last:

Loitering slow, the Future creepeth—
Arrow-swift, the Present sweepeth—
And motionless forever stands the Past.

Edward Wilbur Mason.



CHRIST AND HIS TIME *

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

Passion Week, Last Teachings

IT was Friday, and the shadows of the Sabbath were falling from Olivet over Bethany as Jesus entered the village. Martha's home received Him in reverence, sympathy and love; which, we hope—as far as an earthly home could—honored Him, and, for once, met, in part, the human longing of His lonely, breaking heart. Into this hallowed quiet the Master had come to spend His last Sabbath. An ever-growing multitude had

followed Him with hosannas for days; the conflict of death would begin with the morrow; and Jesus needed Sabbath rest, solitude, sympathy and prayer. But Bethany was wildly excited: Jesus had come as the Messiah; He was with them; they would honor Him. A supper (the Sabbath festal meal) was publicly prepared in the house of one Simon, whom Jesus had cured of leprosy, and, in accord with His purpose, now, to declare

* This serial began in the November number, 1896.



"CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES ON THE WAY TO EMMAUS."

From the painting by B. Plockhorst.

Himself King and Messiah, Jesus attended.

Martha supervised and Mary and Lazarus were among the guests. This indeed was honor, but not honor meet for Mary's Lord. Clearer, deeper into the heart of her Master, she saw, than any other mentioned in the Gospels. She had sat at His feet, not with deaf ears nor soul amazed, but in eager sympathy, her quickened woman's insight divining His sad, ominous words, and almost sharing in the mystery of His coming death. She, as none beside, knew how near the end was; and she alone had prepared for it. Worship could not be worthy enough; but

all that her love could do should be done to honor Him. And where better than at this feast? While the shallow, mistaken crowd, with shout and show, magnified His name, might she not quench her soul's burning love in an act that would also teach these what worship and devotion He was more than worthy to receive? The lesson remains for all time.

In the midst of the meal, before every eye, Mary came quietly up behind her Lord, broke an alabaster box of pure spikenard—a pound of the precious nard—and poured it over His head; then kneeling in loving worship, she poured it

upon His feet; and bending lower, this refined, respected woman, in the beautiful abandonment of her devoted service and fellowship—virtually sharing by this in His death—loosed her hair and with it wiped her Saviour's feet. None could do more. None may do less. "And the house was filled with the odor of the ointment."

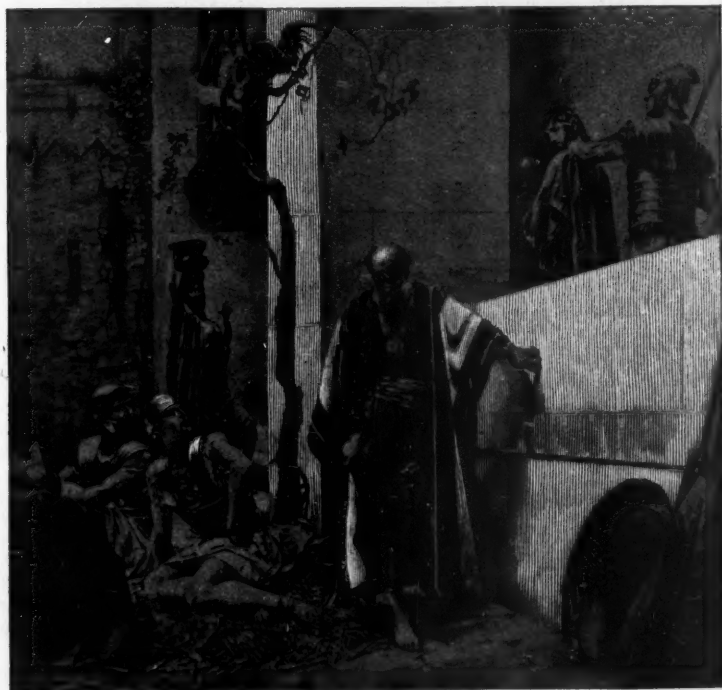
The crowd's storm of acclamation, excitement, wonder and false hope in contrast with this sublime love! And how its white light deepens the black shadow of Judas! The liar, thief, traitor, coveter, watched with greedy, angry eyes, and asked why this waste with so many needy poor? Mary had made no waste; no one is robbed; for there is no *waste* of love upon Christ. In giving to Him we give to the poor, whom He then and there committed forever to our care. But so precious was this deed of deepest love, of perfect self-forgetfulness and intensest devotion, that, in the future, Jesus said,

wherever the Gospel is preached the story shall be told for a memorial to her.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

How great and universal the excitement over Jesus was, the event of the next day well indicates. As the bright spring morning broke, two of the disciples brought an ass's colt from Bethpage (a little mountain hamlet or suburb of Jerusalem). Jesus, seated upon the colt and followed by a throng of pilgrims who had flocked to Bethany on His arrival, to see Him and Lazarus, started for Jerusalem.

Word of His coming flew through the city and another multitude poured forth to meet Him on the way. The two processions came in sight as the caravan with Jesus was sweeping up the long slope, and a shout of welcome was echoed one to the other. Palm branches were waved, cloaks and robes were scattered in their enthusiasm upon the road as the



THE DENIAL OF ST. PETER.
From the painting by Graf Harrach.

processions met; and all turned toward the city.

As they rounded the ridge and Jerusalem first came into view, the excitement broke forth afresh, and hosannas to the Son of David rolled down the valley and were heard in the city streets.

Among the number were some Pharisees. At this triumphal acclamation, this

Himself to quell this exultation. The face of the Master, hitherto impassive and shaded, lighted with a gleam of righteous wrath, and pointing to the rocks He said, If the people held their peace the very stones would cry out.

The procession moved on. Soon again they turned a shoulder of the mountain and now Jerusalem, with its ascending



CHRIST. THE CENTRAL FIGURE FROM "THE LAST SUPPER."
From the painting by Leonardo da Vinci.

royal homage, they burned with rage. But they were impotent; nothing could check this tide; and they turned with curses and taunts to one another. All this in spite of their decree, their ceaseless efforts to poison His teaching and intimidate His followers! He must not be allowed thus to enter Jerusalem; to ride amid this joyous believing multitude as Messiah into the very Temple. Desperate with malice and rage in their powerlessness, they actually appealed to Jesus

terraces, its magnificent palaces, its Temple, its marble towers and golden spires burst full upon them. Wrapped in morning light the glorious city stood, indeed, like a bride adorned for her Husband. That "mass of gold and snow," incomparably beautiful, brought the movement to an instant halt. For a moment the splendor of the sight stilled every shout. Then was heard a groan. As Jesus gazed the vision of the desolation to come settled like night over the

radiant city, and pity and sorrow broke from his pent-up soul in bitter lament. It is a picture unequalled in all history.

With words of woe and anguish still choking Him He was swept on into the wondering city, even into the Temple gates, while the people asked, "Who is This?" and the pilgrim bands answered with a shout, "This is Jesus the Prophet of Nazareth! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

THE LAST GREAT DAY OF PUBLIC TEACHING.

But Jesus spent that night very unlike a Royal Sovereign: He shortly disappeared from the crowd and returned to Bethany for rest and prayer. Approaching Jerusalem again in the morning (Monday) He hungered, and seeking fruit on a green-leaved fig, found none. Luxuriantly leaved, full of promise, but barren! How like Israel with its rich religious show and sterile spirit! He had sought fruit of the nation in vain, and, as yesterday, He pronounced doom upon the nation, to-day—for the disciples' sakes—He must curse this barren tree, the symbol of barren Israel.

Yesterday He had accepted homage as King, and now, with Kingly authority. He once more purges the Temple of those corrupt traffickers who made His Father's House a den of robbers. Not a priest nor Pharisee dare oppose to-day; for the people surged exultantly about Him, eager to listen and shout, and bringing their sick; while the children continually cried Hosannah, to the bitter chagrin and rage of the Rulers.

With the dawn of Tues-



FIGURE OF CHRIST. DETAIL FROM "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

From the painting by M. Munkasy.

day Jesus came to the Temple, intent upon His last day of public teaching—the longest, fullest, profoundest day of His ministry. With the setting sun the last warning had been given, the last appeal made, Jesus had left the Temple to return no more, and—the door to Israel was shut. It was a day crowded with temptations, discourses, parables and events; a day whose every minute passed into eternity charged with solemn, momentous truth. Such a day tries the soul; such events measure character. Jesus meets the crisis, masters the situation, and stands forth against this day's dark horizon supremely mighty, sublime, divine. We pass beyond our depth in spiritual things, fording the stream of this last day's teaching.

On the way they again passed the cursed fig-tree. It looked as if the blast of a furnace had smitten it. The disciples were astonished at the miracle—at the power, still, rather than the significance. Jesus paused, pointed out the analogy to Israel, and taught them the lesson of faith once more: that its lack brought barrenness; its possession fruit; making all things possible through God.

Courage had returned to Jesus' enemies. The members of the Sanhedrim had been much in council. They were primed with questions and snares to entangle Him. First the priests tried to break His influence by challenging His authority. He put them to confusion. Then the Pharisees, uniting with their hated rivals, the Herodians (so determined was the attempt to ruin Him!), sprung their deepest laid, deadliest trap.

He would not suspect the Herodians of evil design; but to surely deceive Him, the Pharisees sent their young pupils—versed already in hypocrisy—to ask, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not?" Innocent enough on the surface, that was the most ingenious, insidious, dangerous question with which they tempted Him.

"Yes" would alienate every believing Jew in the land; "No" would bring the speedy and fatal wrath of Rome upon Him. They fawn and call Him Rabbi, wise, just and fearless. But they ring false. "Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites! Bring Me a coin." Stinging under the lash, they hurried out and fetched a Roman Denarius, stamped with the

haughty features of Tiberius. "Whose image and superscription is this?" "Cæsar's," they reply. "Then give back to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," was the Master's marvellous answer. Caught in their own net! Condemned by their own knavery! But this was not all; a far weightier duty was enjoined when Jesus added—"and to God the things that are God's."

As wonderfully and grandly as He met these two temptations, did He later vanquish the Sadducees in their endeavor to ridicule Him with the question on the resurrection. Even the Pharisees were charmed with His power and wisdom and beauty in this instance and murmured their approval. Yet how profoundly unconscious were they of His infinite greatness and their almost infinite littleness, that after all this, a Scribe should again try to trip Him with, "Which was the great commandment?" The white light of all revelation, the sum of divine commandment is in Jesus' answer: that adoring love to God is the first great commandment; and that sacrificing love to man is a second, equal to the first in greatness.

These bouts were not in immediate succession, but occurred throughout the day at intervals between His talks and parables. Dark and terrible and weighted with suffering love and solemn warning are the words of these last hours with the people. The parables are all prophetic—dead pictures of the gloom into which the sun of this favored nation is fast going down. It will burst blood-red against the sky ere it sinks forever into night's oblivion; and their thirst for His life is the first flaming tongue darting through the gathering clouds.

The parable of the "Yes" and "No" of the Two Sons, was a telling illustration of His hard saying to the Pharisees: that the publicans and harlots would enter before themselves into the Kingdom. They could not mistake the rude, curt son, who first said "no," but repented and went to work, as the sinner who now accepted Jesus; nor the second oily-tongued son who glibly promised and as readily neglected his promise, as the type of their own hypocritical selves.

These were true pictures of the nation, and as He held the mirror before them



THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE. "HAVE THOU NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT JUST MAN; FOR I HAVE SUFFERED MANY THINGS THIS DAY IN A DREAM BECAUSE OF HIM."
From the painting by Gustav Doré.

again in the parables of the Evil Husbandman, the Marriage of the King's Son and the Wedding Garment, they saw, but instantly forgot, what manner of people they were; forgot, too, the fate of those who neglect the repeated invitation, the long-suffering love of God; forgot the fate of those that kill His Son.

Like a momentary rift in a stormy sky and a cheery flood of light is the charming sketch of the poor widow with her two mites; and the tender, comforting les-

upon these—first-fruits of the Gentile harvest to be gathered from every field of earth—He knew the hour of His glorification had begun to strike; for these were the first for whom He should die. But so terrible was the prospect, so dark and awful the way He must tread to save the world, that He cried out for succor from this hour, for strength to submit; and a voice in Heaven answered with assurance and peace.

Calmed and satisfied He turned for His



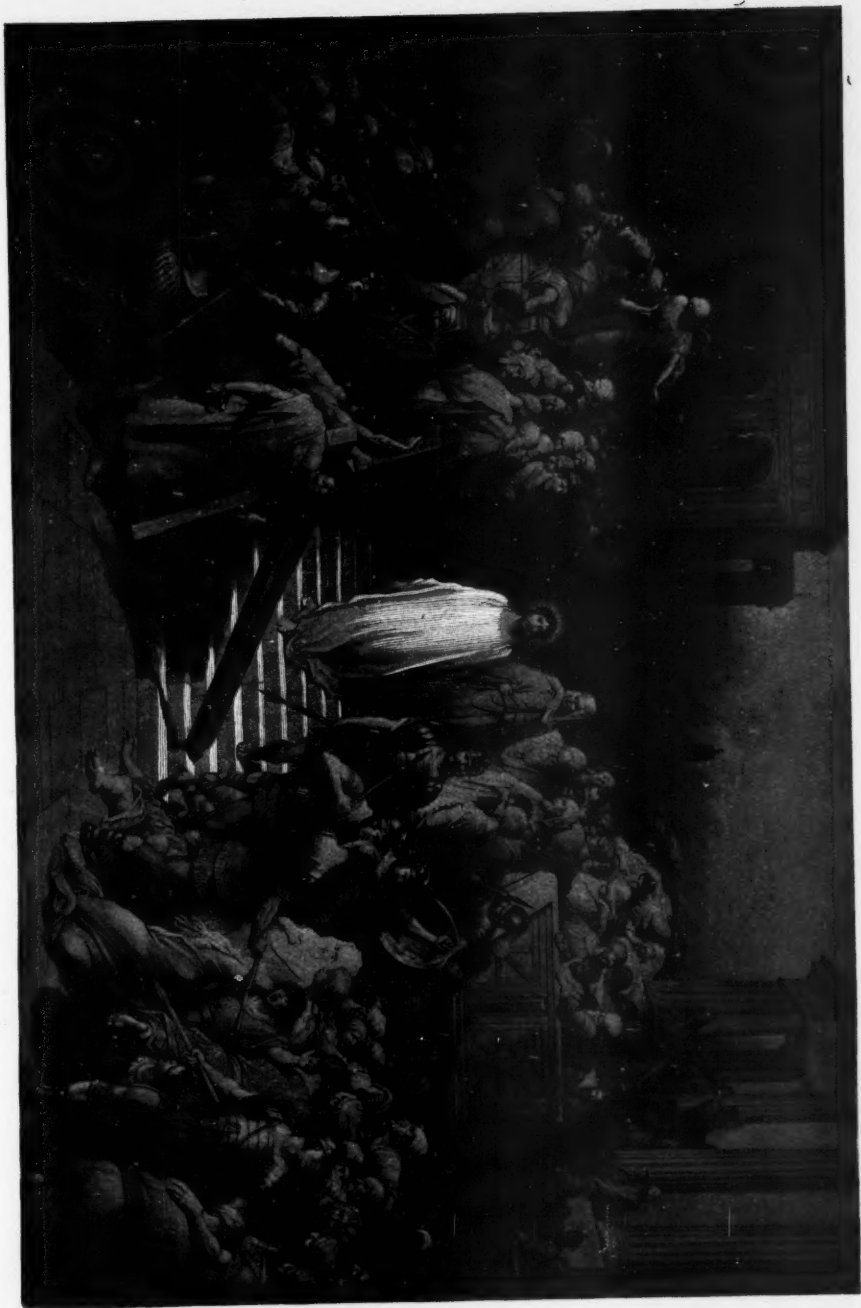
"PILATE TURNED. THE SIGHT TRANSFIXED HIM. HE LOOKED AND IN THRILLING TONES EXCLAIMED, 'BEHOLD THE MAN!'"

From the painting by Ant Ceceri.

son of Jesus: that it is not how much of the gift, but how much of the giver is given, that counts with our God, who "will have mercy and not sacrifice."

The day wore away. The life-work of Jesus was all but done, but it was not to end without promise, a token of its universal sway over the hearts of men in the time to come. There were some Greeks in the Temple, converts to Judaism, who had been listening and had believed, and now came seeking fellowship with Jesus in a private interview. As He looked

last warning and appeal to the people. Many times He had exposed the sin and hypocrisy of the rulers and Pharisees, but in this last solemn hour the fierce storm of His holy wrath is loosed against them, and eight times over He pronounces woe; for their hands are red with His and their nation's blood. But His last words could not be words of woe. He had come to bring a God of love to us; and His final word must be a witness to His divine Being and mission, an appeal and a testimony for all time. And this was His



"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIAN AFTER THE CONDEMNATION BY PILATE."
From the painting by Gustave Doré.

parting word: that whosoever sees and believes Him, sees and believes God; and whosoever rejects Him, rejects God and the words of eternal life that God the Father hath spoken through Him, His Son.

sorrow. He turned again and again as the road wound through the valley, and drawing the silent, frightened disciples close to Him, sat down upon Olivet in sight of the beloved city and talked till



"WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON." ST. JOHN AND THE VIRGIN
MARY AT THE CRUCIFIXION.

From the painting by B. Plockhorst.

As the Temple gates closed and the twilight began to cover Jerusalem, He looked back upon the House He had left desolate forever and wept.

His mission to Israel is done. His heart bled for His own. It was breaking with

the last star was watching. Talked of the end; of His near end, the city's, and the end of the present era, when no longer Israel, but the whole world of man were to be the "chosen of the Lord."

And here in the peaceful starlight, with



"HOLY WOMEN AT THE TOMB OF CHRIST."
From the painting by W. A. Bouguereau.

the parables of the Ten Virgins and the Talents. He warned and exhorted them; lifting their hopes, cheering and cautioning them against the last great day—the Judgment—for which they should always watch and be ever ready.

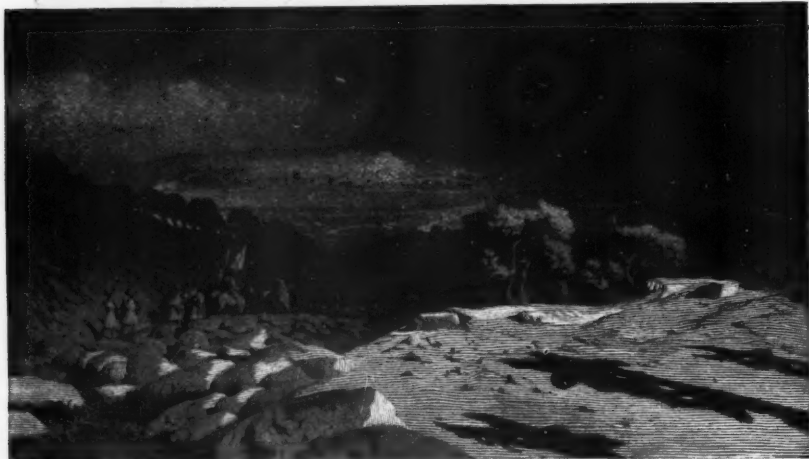
JUDAS.

Wednesday Jesus did not return to Jerusalem. Not even the children would have welcomed Him. He is rejected. The world that was going after Him has turned. A few in Bethany love, shield, blindly understand; beside these there are none. His public work is finished;

loving, sorrowful Mother, whom Mary had taken to her heart. Jesus took the disciples and departed, while the women with breaking hearts watched them disappear within the shade of the olive groves.

Their faces blanched with dread, mazed and pitiable, the Twelve clung close to the Master. But one's face was dark. A diabolical scowl had long been growing into the face of Judas. He sat apart. He counted some money in a bag. He glanced furtively away toward Jerusalem.

"After two days is the feast . . . and



"THERE WAS A DARKNESS OVER ALL THE EARTH UNTIL THE NINTH HOUR."

From the painting by J. L. Gerome.

the effort, the strain, the hope past. Reaction to body and mind come. The gloom of night fallen. The final, the death struggle, begun. Every moment of labor, every pang and sorrow of the years gone seems suddenly to have revealed itself in His face. Lines of unutterable pain mark His countenance. He is silent and heavy with grief. He cannot tell.

This Wednesday was a last Sabbath of rest to Him. To-morrow will bring the beginning of the swift and fearful end, the shameful, needless, death. He could not throw off the load of woe. None could resist it. Unable to bear the silent suffering of Mary and Lazarus and His

I am betrayed to be crucified," Jesus was saying. A spasm seemed to catch the man apart. A gleam of murder darted from his eyes upon the Master. He rose and was gone.

Gone to buy the lamb for the feast, thought the eleven. He was; and to sell something, too. See him hurry like one pursued! Through the gate, along the streets, into the court of the High Priest! The Sanhedrim is in secret and unlawful council. Their malicious faces lighten as the curtains part and Judas stands before them. They stare incredulous. They listen while he bargains. Thirty pieces of silver clink to the bottom of the bag. Christ is sold for the price of a slave!

CARROLL'S PROMOTION*

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

I.

THERE is no elevator in the Maquoketa Dwellings, and when you have found and pressed the proper button in the row of bell-pushes, the front door opens as of its own accord. To be sure, there is a janitor, but he has nothing to do with answering door-bells; and as for the servants, in the few families where there are any, their responsibilities guestward end with a pull at the lever which sets in motion the ingenious mechanism of the automatic front-door opener.

In spite of these apparent drawbacks to social exaltation, the Maquoketa building is situated in that portion of Chicago where the dwellers in residence are familiar with the functions of the table napkin and the four-tined fork, and are not without their ambitions social and otherwise. The Carrolls were of that ilk. Their bell-push was numbered "R-3," by which one would understand that their dwelling was to be found at the right-hand turning on the third floor. It is not to be understood, however, that Mrs. Carroll's ambition paused, as it were, in mid flight. On the contrary, "R-3" in the Maquoketan Dwellings was merely a way-station in the social journey, which was to be continued in good time onward and downward through "R-2" to "R-1" on the ground floor, projecting itself thence diagonally up to "L-3" in the Mendine apartment house, which, as every one knows, is two squares nearer the north side centre of the social solar system than the Maquoketa.

These various stages in the progress of Mrs. Carroll's ambition were charted upon Carroll's continued advancement in the great wholesale dry-goods house of Altenhelmer & Company. Measuring the future by the past, the forecast was quite within the bounds of reasonable probability. Carroll was in his eighth year with the firm, and when Mrs. Bessie re-

membered their humble beginnings in "L-5," in the Sweeny Flats, four squares farther down town, and compared these with the Maquoketan havings, she took heart of grace and made surreptitious inquiries about the lease-holds in the Mendine.

As to the Maquoketan havings, they were based upon an income of twenty-three dollars a week and a line of promotion stretching away indefinitely before the bread-winner. A miserable pittance, you say? For the hero in a romance, doubtless; but for a wage-earner in real life, by no means, as many will testify. In the Carroll household the income stood for a cottage piano—bought on the installment plan and not wholly paid for—a small basket of silverware, a few etchings—not artist's proofs, a fresh magazine or two and an occasional new book, with now and then tickets to the theater when Mrs. Bessie and her sister were so minded. These by way of the luxuries.

On the other hand, the Carrolls kept no servants, and the account in the savings-bank grew by small accretions. But they made light of these things and built air-castles spacious and roomy, after the time-honored manner of young people in whom misfortune and adverse circumstances have not yet staled the wine of anticipation.

It was on the morning of the sixth anniversary of their wedding that Mrs. Bessie followed her husband to the stair-head with a final recapitulation of the things needful for their small annual celebration.

"Now you won't forget, will you, Henry, dear. There's the cream to be ordered from Magill's—and you'd better not order it till noon, because they might bring it too soon and then it would melt—and the roses for the centre-piece—shake them when you pick them out or they'll give you old ones that will fall all to pieces—and the oysters—"

Carroll laughed and took up the refrain.

*This story in two parts appears in the February and March numbers.

"And the oysters I'm to buy on the way home, and they're to be selects, and the man is to open the shells, but on no account to disturb the succulent morsels therein; you see, I have it all by heart, and people will call me Mr. House-and-Lot when I get on the car with my gatherings."

"Let them; perhaps you will be, some day. But please don't forget, and be sure to hurry home. Did you hear anything from Mr. Perkins yesterday?"

"No, but he'll be here if he has to jump from Davenport to make it. He promised Amy, you know, and that's equivalent to a sure thing."

"Oh, hush! Amy has never given him the least bit of encouragement."

"Then she'd better. Will's a good fellow; and our man Galton says he is the best salesman on the road. I shouldn't wonder if he makes as much as three thousand a year."

"My—oh! wouldn't we sail on three thousand a year? Never mind, though, Henry; twelve hundred isn't so bad—and then you're in a line of promotion with a good record which you're going to break this very morning if you don't hurry off. Good-bye!"—and she leaned over the baluster and threw kisses at him until a turn in the stair eclipsed him.

But Carroll hurried, caught an opportune Clark Street car at the crossing, escaped getting "bridged" at the river, and so preserved untarnished his record for punctuality. It proved to be a dull day in the great wholesale house, one more, indeed, of a succession of dull days. If Carroll had not been immersed in pleasant recollections suggested by the anniversary, and diverted by anticipatory excursions into the well-planned enjoyment of the evening, he would have seen the tokens of the coming storm. As it was, however, he was happily oblivious to the disturbances in the mercantile atmosphere, and it was not till noon, when he had taken a seat in the dairy lunch-room beside one of the bookkeepers, that he heard of the threatened retrenchment.

"It's no use trying to dodge it—it's coming right down to brass tacks with us, I tell you," asserted the man of accounts, deluging his plate of hot cakes with a second helping of maple syrup. "Business has never been so dull at this

season of the year since I can remember, and I shouldn't be surprised to see the firm make a break either on force or salaries any day."

"Oh, I guess it won't come to that, will it, Martin?" said Carroll, with the easy nonchalance of one who has eight years of faithful service behind him.

"I'm afraid it will; but you can afford to take it easy—you're one of the old-timers."

"Yes, it's nearly eight years for me," Carroll assented, "but that wouldn't save me if they were to scale the salaries. I believe I'd about as soon take my chance in a reduction of the force."

The bookkeeper laughed mirthlessly. "I should think you would," he rejoined. "You like to bet on a sure thing, don't you, Carroll?"

"Possibly; but then you see I have to bet for four people besides myself, and that has a tendency to make a man careful. However, I hope it won't come to either. Things will probably brighten up in a few days."

As the tree falls so it lies; and having thus set himself over on the optimistic side, Carroll shut his eyes to the depressive portents and so won through the day with a fair share of complacency. It was Wednesday, and consequently pay-day at Altenheimer & Company's; and mindful of his errands and the little dinner, Carroll secured a place near the head of the long queue that led up to the cashier's window.

When his envelope was handed him he hurried out to the nearest florist's to buy roses for Mrs. Bessie's centre-piece. The flowers were fresh and temptingly beautiful, and he made his selections with the good taste which was a part of his clerkly equipment. When the saleswoman went for a box to put them in, Carroll opened his envelope.

Besides the two bank-notes and the silver, there was a letter; and when he had read the first type-written line he went blind and had to catch at the corner of the show-case to steady himself.

It was his discharge; a dismissal couched in the kindest terms and softened with deprecatory regrets, but none the less, a dismissal. It had become necessary to reduce the force, said the writer, and in an establishment where

merit and long service were the rule rather than the exception, it had been thought best to make the curtailment by lot. In carrying out this plan the firm shared its embarrassment equally with its employees; and no one, not even Carroll himself, could be more distressed than the writer in discovering that an unlucky number had fallen upon one of the firm's oldest and most competent clerks.

Carroll read and re-read the letter mechanically, and for five full minutes the saleswoman waited with the box of roses. Then she ventured to call his attention.

"Here are your flowers," she said; and he made shift to apologize for his inattention.

"I beg your pardon; I believe I had forgotten them." He put the box under his arm and went out into the street with the open letter in his hand.

The jostling of the crowd on the sidewalk brought him back to a realization of things present and tangible, and a surging wave of wrath came to his relief. Crumpling the letter and flinging it into the gutter, he elbowed his way toward Clark Street, letting the cauldron boil over as it would.

"That's what a man gets at the end of eight years of hard work; a chance to be shaken up in a lottery-wheel with a lot of clock-watchers—fellows who never care for anything but six o'clock and payday! 'Where merit and long service are the rule'—it's a lie, and they know it. Curse their regrets!"

"Beg your pardon," said a passing pedestrian, who had caught and appropriated the anathema; and the necessity for a word of explanation turned Carroll's thoughts into another channel.

"It's a nice thing to have to tell the women!" he went on, when the placated one was lost in the crowd; "and to-day, of all days in the year. Good Lord! I simply can't do it—that's all there is about it." And thereupon wrath became swallowed up of pity, and instead of making a frantic rush for a passing north-bound car, as he had intended, he turned toward Lake Street and the fish-market.

"God bless her," he said, under his breath; "she shall have her little triumph

to-night, anyway, and there shall be no death's head at the feast, not if I can help it."

Fortunately for the resolution of secrecy, he found the three invited guests assembled in the small Maquoketan parlor when he arrived. Mrs. Bessie met him in the dimly lighted hall and relieved him of his purchases.

"You're a dear, and you didn't forget anything," she said, kissing him with girlish enthusiasm. "Now do go in there and make a little new talk while Amy and I get the table ready. The Matherses came half an hour ago, and Mr. Perkins has been here since five o'clock."

When Carroll entered the parlor, Perkins, who was a big man with the figure of a prize-fighter and the face of a laughing boy, was the first to congratulate him.

"Here you are at last—congratulations, Harry, old man; stacks of 'em—cases of 'em—car-loads of 'em. May you and Bessie live to eat the hen that scratches over your grave, as M'Flynn would say. What kept you?"

"Yes, give an account of yourself, Mr. Carroll," said Mrs. Mathers, a grey-eyed little woman of the uncertain type who made a mockery of austerity by attempting to recast a naturally volatile temperament upon the model of her husband's self-conceit.

"I had to stay till closing time, as usual," replied Carroll, groping blindly for a lever with which to pry the talk away from Altenheimer & Company.

"Deuced bore—these big wholesale tread-mills," asserted Mathers, who had lately been made a floor-walker in a retail establishment in Wabash Avenue. "Sh'd think you'd try to get out of it, Carroll." And he crossed the room to examine a reproduction of Meissonier's "Stirrup-cup" through a pair of wholly unnecessary eye-glasses.

"Don't you do it, Harry," advised Perkins, meaning to come to the rescue; "you stay right where you are till old Altenheimer makes you junior partner. Next to selling goods on the road, you've got a lead-pipe cinch on the best thing in sight. Eight years with a strong house like yours is the biggest kind of a start."

Carroll groaned in spirit and made a

violent effort to change the subject by telling the story of a runaway grip-car on one of the cable lines.

"That reminds me," said Perkins; but of what remained a mystery, since just then Mrs. Bessie and Amy appeared to summon them to the dining-room.

The little dinner was a success. The oysters were all that oysters can be at the end of a nine-hundred-mile railway journey; the turkey was done to a turn, and Carroll forgot his trouble for the moment in the complicated and not too familiar task of carving; the pudding was a triumph of the culinary art, and a delicious refutation of the assertion that the cook-book recipe is a delusion and a snare to young housekeepers.

As for the rest, Perkins was at his anecdotal best; Mathers was too much occupied with his knife and fork to be disagreeable; Amy was charmingly demure; and Mrs. Mathers was stupid when she remembered her rôle, which was seldom, and effervescently vivacious when she forgot it. Mrs. Bessie played the hostess to perfection, and had fragmentary glimpses into a future thickly bestudded with dinner-parties; and among them they kept the joyous spirit of the occasion so well to the fore that Carroll's alternate fits of artificial hilarity and natural depression went unnoticed.

After the dessert there was an adjournment to the parlor, and the gentlemen were given plenary indulgence to smoke their cigars without prejudice to their respect for the ladies.

This was a point upon which there had been much anxious preliminary discussion. Mrs. Bessie was of the opinion that the time had arrived for the introduction of the polite custom which permits the ladies to withdraw while the gentlemen smoke in the dining-room; but she yielded the point when Carroll argued that the remnants of a feast are not cheerful accessories to the enjoyment of a good cigar; and that both Perkins and Mathers, having always smoked in the parlor, would have to be made parties to the innovation before the fact.

Following the incense-burning, Amy played and sang; Perkins told stories; and Mrs. Bessie read a little farce out of one of the magazines. Then there was a game of whist in which Carroll and Mrs.

Mathers were pitted against Mathers and Mrs. Bessie, with Perkins and Amy to look on and offer impartial suggestions. Carroll did his best, which was bad, and was as silent as the most exacting player of the silent game could ask. None the less, his heart burned within him, and he was devoutly thankful when the rubber was played and the party broke up. The Matherses went first, and Perkins stayed to smoke a bed-time cigar with Carroll while Mrs. Bessie and Amy washed the dishes.

"By Jove! you ought to be a happy man, Harry," said the salesman, sending up reflective smoke rings from the depths of his comfortable easy-chair. "You've got all the ingredients; wife, home, a decent salary, a couple of babies—by the way, where are the babies? They disappeared just before you showed up."

"They're asleep long ago; Bessie gave them their supper in the kitchen, I suppose."

"They're cherubs or they'd kick. Well, as I was saying, you have the whole shooting-match, and yet you're not happy."

Carroll turned on him quickly. "How do you know I'm not?" he asked.

"Oh, I wasn't born yesterday, and I don't travel around the country sizing people up for nothing. You've been up and down all the evening, just like a fellow who wants to buy a bill of goods and hasn't got the money to cash up with. Turn it loose, old man, and make a sight draft on me for what you need. I'll honor it."

For a moment Carroll was tempted to take him at his word; then pride intervened and lifted the latch of the gate leading to the devious pathway of the liar.

"You've missed it this time, Will," he said, with a careful assumption of indifference. "You have just said that I have all the ingredients; well, I have, and there is a little stake in the savings-bank besides."

Perkins smoked the remainder of his cigar in silence; then he rose and flung the stump into the fireless grate.

"You're lying to me, Harry, and you know it, but that's all right," he said. "I'm big and tough and thick-skinned and all that, but I've known what it was to

carry a load that I wouldn't divide. Just the same, when you're ready to wuack up on yours, you know where to find me. Now go get me my overcoat and I'll proceed to chase Morpheus into a corner."

When Perkins was gone, Carroll resolved to have it out with his woman-kind before he slept; but just then Mrs. Bessie and Amy came in to talk over the success of the little dinner, and he again borrowed of the future. It would be heartless to spoil their innocent enjoyment of the summing-up process, he told himself; to-morrow would be time enough, and the bad news would neither gain nor lose by a little delay in the telling.

It was Mrs. Bessie's affectionate forethought that forestalled his intention the next morning. She let him sleep until breakfast was ready, and was then so anxious to get him away on time that he could not find it in his heart to tell her.

In the light of a new day the situation appeared much less depressing, and on the way down-town he made an ill-considered resolve to say nothing at all to his wife or his sister-in-law about the loss of his place until he had secured another. There must surely be work for him somewhere in the great city; and with his good record at Altenheimer & Company's behind him, his chance should be better than that of many another.

In the mean time, there would be little difficulty in keeping his secret, provided he could present a cheerful front at home. The width of the city intervened between the Maquoketa Dwellings and the homes of the greater number of the Altenheimer people; and, fortunately, Mrs. Bessie had no acquaintances among the wives of his former fellow-clerks.

Thus the unselfish resolution; and having made it, Carroll began a search for work than which nothing was ever more illusory or dispiriting. At the end of the first day he went home too tired to bear his part in the customary bed-time romp with the children. By noon of the second, he began to understand that he could hope for nothing in the way of respectable employment without a letter of recommendation from Altenheimer & Company; and on the Saturday he throttled his pride, put his

wrath in irons, and went to his former employers for the letter.

It was given cheerfully and with such evident regrets for its necessity that Carroll went out with a nausea of homesickness dividing his attention with a revival of the feeling of resentment at the Altenheimer system of declination. They were kindly employers; and Carroll had been a wage-worker too long not to know that kindness and despatch of business are by no means to be taken as corollaries one of the other.

Armed with the letter he forthfared again, determined to leave no stone unturned, and avoiding in his thorough canvass of the city two places only—the house for which Perkins travelled, and the retail shop in Wabash Avenue wherein Mathers was a floor-walker. The second week of punctual business hours and endless tramping between them began to sap his courage; but he kept up a cheerful front at home, and strove by all the little arts of dissimulation to keep his secret well beyond the precincts of the Maquoketa building.

In this he was more than successful; he overdid the part. Mrs. Bessie was fond of the theater, and the autumn season at the play-houses was in full tide. Wherefore Carroll, who avoided questions of economy as a mad dog shuns water, watched the announcements and spent twice the usual allowance on theater-tickets. It served a double purpose, the theater-going. On such occasions he had not to make up the story of the day's doings at Altenheimer & Company's; and the loosened purse-strings shut the door in the face of suspicion.

Under such circumstances a man soon learns to live a double life. From six in the evening until bed-time, Carroll was cheerful to the verge of levity, and his manner made Mrs. Bessie shut her eyes to the evidences of worry which were writing themselves on his face. From seven in the morning until he pressed the Maquoketan bell-push eleven hours later, he was a pariah of the streets, sullen or savage by turns, as one must be who runs the gamut of disappointment from the simple refusal to the curt negative which is only a paraphrase of an order to vacate the premises.

Making a jest of economy at home, he

soon learned to do without the midday luncheon down-town, and to walk where he had been wont to ride. Worse than all, the inevitable hypochondria of the unemployed seized upon him. People elbowed him needlessly in the streets, he thought; he was thrust unceremoniously aside in the crowded shops; and once a policeman ordered him to move on.

Thus it was in the earlier stages of the disease. When it became chronic he found himself unconsciously turning into the less crowded thoroughfares, and the desire for solitude was strong upon him. He fought it strenuously for a time, and took fresh plunges into the tides of humanity ebbing and flowing in the busier streets, renewing his quest with greater zeal when he recognized the symptoms; but the reaction into listlessness was stronger after each of these, and he soon began to look forward fearfully to the time when he should no longer have the courage to ask, or the fortitude to endure a refusal.

After a time the vise-jaws of present necessity began to close upon him. While the balance in the bank lasted he went on as he had begun, withholding no good thing from the unsuspecting ones at home. It was a heavy price to pay for their immunity, but he did not begrudge it. The pinch came when the premium on his life-insurance policy fell due, and this finally broke the back of the bank account. The insurance must be kept up at all hazards—and now of all times. What would become of Bessie and the children if he should suddenly drop out with every other resource worn up to the hilt?

He omitted the theater-tickets for three successive days after paying the premium, and then he began to reap the harvest of his own seeding. Mrs. Bessie herself thrust the sickle in, unconsciously, and so without remorse.

"Wilson is to open at the Opera House to-morrow night," she said. "You'd better send out early for the tickets, Henry; there'll be a dreadful crush."

"Yes," Carroll agreed, absently. He was staring into the fire and wondering what was to be the end of it all.

Mrs. Bessie marked his abstraction and asked with feminine irrelevance what he saw in the fire.

"Nothing."

"I thought perhaps it was the coal-man's bill. It came to-day."

"Did it?"

"Yes; if you'll give me the money, I'll pay it."

Carroll roused himself with an effort. "Let me have it and I'll pay him on the way down in the morning," he said.

"But you'll miss a car, and that will make you late at the store," she objected. "I'll go earlier."

Mrs. Bessie unconsciously planted another thorn in her husband's side. "I believe you are afraid to trust me with money," she said, playfully; "it's been ages since you've let me pay a bill."

"Has it? I only meant to save you trouble."

"Trouble! As if you didn't know that spending money even for such prosaic things as coal was an unmixed joy!"

"I hadn't thought of it in that light. Isn't it bed-time?" Carroll saw that the conversation might easily come upon dangerous ground and put the question as the readiest way of escape.

"Yes; long ago."

Mindful of the necessity of keeping up appearances at all costs, Carroll knocked the next day at the gate of the borrower's Inferno, and made his first visit to a pawnbroker's shop. Being inexperienced he managed it badly, and a good watch was sacrificed to small purpose. It was characteristic of him that he refused to include the chain; and at six o'clock he went home with three tickets for "Aladdin," twenty-five dollars for Mrs. Bessie, and with the end of the watch chain pinned to the lining of the empty pocket.

That was the first breach in the dike, but it widened rapidly. From that day Carroll became the thief of his own possessions, smuggling everything pawnable out of the house as best he might, and suffering all the pains and penalties which fall to the lot of a fairly truthful man driven by stress of circumstances into deceit and lying. Business was slack at the store, he said, and he made this the excuse for carrying away the most valuable of his books so that he might read and study in spare half hours. The mantel clock in the parlor suddenly refused to run; it was taken to the jeweler's for repair, and he could never remember to go after it.

The watch chain was finally flung into the breach, and then he went home with an unblushing tale of pocket-picking which included both watch and chain.

In the nature of things, the piecemeal pawning could not go on indefinitely. There is a certain limit, both to the number of one's portable possessions, and to the fertility of one's ingenuity in accounting for their disappearance. When Carroll reached this limit there remained but one other expedient; and since a resort to this would snap the last link in the slowly forged chain of respectability, he threw his clerkly preferences aside, ignored his physical lacks, and haunted the wharves and freight stations seeking work as a day laborer.

"It's a job o' thruckin' ye want, is it? I'm thinkin' ye'll be after mistakin' the place intirely. This is no counter-jumpin' shop, an' the company does not be hirin' feather-weights in this department. D'ye see?"

Mr. McGarrahan's reply will stand for all the others; and at the end of another week Carroll had gained something in weariness to no purpose, and had lost much in self-respect.

It was at this time that Mrs. Bessie, intent upon her housewifely duties, threw the winter needs of the family into the scale against her husband's fortitude. The talk had been of special sales and bargain days; and after Amy had gone to her room, Mrs. Bessie got pencil and paper and began to make a suggestive list.

"We'll take Davie first; he must have shoes and another suit. It's perfectly heartrending the way that child scuffs out his toes and ruins his trousers. Then there's Beth; I think she can get through the winter with, let me see"—she bit her pencil thoughtfully—"eight dollars will do for her, if she hasn't outgrown her cloak. Then I did want to get a dress for Amy, but she's taken a sudden fit of obstinacy and won't hear to it; says she is not going to let us board her and clothe her, too, not while she has any of her school money left. I'm going to let her off this time, because you just *must* have a new suit yourself, Henry. You are actually coming to look disreputable, dear"—Carroll's clothes were beginning to show the wear and tear of the street—"they'll turn

you out of the store if you don't dress better, and then—"

"Leave me out of your list; I shall get along," interrupted Carroll desperately, but Mrs. Bessie protested.

"Indeed, I'll do nothing of the kind; when it comes to that, the bread-winner ranks us all. That will be, say, forty dollars, and the other things you'll need will bring it up to fifty."

"Where do you come in?" asked Carroll bravely.

"I'm coming to that. I shall make over my blue silk, and I have two other dresses that will do nicely for second best with a little modernizing. That will leave me only one to buy, and the odds and ends—" she went dumb over the mathematical part of the problem, and Carroll waited with nerves tense strung for the announcement of the grand total.

"Ninety dollars will do it nicely," she said, with a sigh of relief. "That isn't too much, is it?"

"It's a marvel of economy," answered Carroll, promptly and loyally.

"You're too good to me, Henry, dear; I wonder if the time will ever come when I can show you how willingly I'd endure things for your sake?"

For a moment Carroll lost his head. For weeks he had been starving for a word of sympathy and encouragement, and he was weary and disheartened with the struggle.

"Perhaps you will have a chance, sooner than you expect," he said; and then he bit his tongue to keep back the confession that clamored for speech.

"If it wasn't for the children, do you know I think I'd be glad, Henry? In all these happy years I've never had a chance to show you what I could be to you in a time of trouble."

Carroll seized the poker and found temporary relief in smashing the lumps of coal in the grate.

"Can't you understand that a man would rather die than let trouble come upon those he cared for?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I suppose you feel that way. But there has never been anything to try either of us, so far. We've had very plain sailing, Henry; so much good fortune that I tremble sometimes for fear we take it too much as a matter of course."

He got up to walk the floor and so secured a fresh grip upon his self-control. "There may be trouble enough, any time; we're poor, Bessie."

"Y-es, compared with some people; but really, Henry, we don't know what poverty is. We've never had to deny ourselves more than was good for us; and you have a good place; and you're almost sure of another advance at the end of the year. We call ourselves poor, but it's merely a figure of speech, after all."

"We're so poor that we can't tell the time of day without going into the dining-room," laughed Carroll, making a diversion to put an end to the conversation. "And by the same token, it's eleven o'clock," he added, coming back to the parlor door.

Mrs. Bessie got up to set the furniture in order, while Carroll tortured his brain to devise some way of raising the ninety dollars. There was only one way, and he knew it well enough, but in that way lay many difficulties. He attacked the first of the series promptly and carried the position by assault.

"By the way, Bessie, talking about winter—when are you going to spend a day with Aunt Rachel?" he asked.

"I don't know? Why?"

"Why can't you take Amy and the babies and go to-morrow? This good weather won't last always."

Mrs. Bessie took time to think about it. "We ought to go; I suppose we could," she answered.

"Do it, then; here's the money," and Carroll handed her his last five-dollar bill. "What train will you take?"

"Oh, I don't know; the nine o'clock, I think; and then we can get back by four."

"Stay later, if you want to; I can get my supper down-town."

"No, indeed; and, anyway, I shouldn't care to keep the children out late. We'll be back at four."

Carroll went to bed but not to sleep. The first difficulty was removed, but the others loomed large in the perspective; and when they should be overcome the wolf which had thus far been kept at the threshold would be free to range at will in the Maquoketan household.

To be Continued.

LIFE

A ship came in from the outer main,
And sailed majestic into port;
Its sails were gay, and white as snow,
Its decks were broad and shining fair,
Yet no man knew nor could divine
Whence came this Herald of the Deep,—
From ice-clad North, or cloud-girt East,
From sun-kissed West, or seething South,
And all paused in their daily strife,
To praise its grace and treasures rare.

Awhile it bided in the port,
And fumed and fretted in its place;
And moaned and creaked in restless
 plaint;
Until one day, its hemp-thongs loosed,
It glided swiftly whither it came
And left no trace behind.

Simon T Stern.

THE MAHARAJA'S STRATAGEM

BY HELEN FRANCES HUNTINGTON

THE Angami were again on the war-path, fiercely determined to exterminate the luckless Saphemas. The echoes of battle reached Avernly at his surveying post in the wilderness; but the outlook was quiet enough, for the Angami are as good friends as they are bad enemies, and just then they were on good terms with the British.

Avernly was surveying roads and building tanks for the government and amusing himself as well as possible meantime; he kept two native servants and lived as snugly as might be in his bachelor domicile which resembled nothing more than a set of smoking rooms stocked chiefly with cheroots and ammunition. He had chosen that manner of life because he had suddenly acquired a distaste for civilization on account of a woman's faithlessness. She had married the other man and Avernly had not the percipience to realize his escape from purgatory, much less to be thankful; so he built a grievance out of a disguised blessing and kept the fires of disappointment burning on the altar of Alice Clive's memory. The lady was of uncomfortable temper that drives men to madness, or worse; and her good points were atomic, except her beauty which was a thing to dream of.

Avernly thought of the other man's paradise and raged inwardly, but he did his work well nevertheless, for he was a dependable man, in the main; it was not in him to do anything half-heartedly.

The light of sunset still glinted in the treetops when he heard the steady beat of horse's hoofs coming down from the hills, and looking up he saw a curious object approaching by the dak road, which he presently made out to be a pony with a small live thing clinging to his neck; he fancied he saw a child's head above the flying mane and placed himself where he could stop the horse if need be. A pale, frightened little face flashed into view as the pony rounded the curve in the road and Avernly tossed a loose punkah rope over the animal's neck, and with a deft wrench brought him to a halt that

threw him on his haunches. Then he loosed the thongs that bound the child securely to his back, and the little fellow fell fainting in his arms.

Avernly was up off and on all that night watching the little stranger who slept the deep sleep of exhaustion. There could be no doubt that one of the conquered tribesmen had, with the blind faith of fatalism, risked that precarious chance of saving his son from the enemy's clutches. There was nothing to do but keep him. The thought rather pleased Avernly and he set about planning for his comfort with unusual zest.

The stranger was a very fragile appearing lad, barely six years old, very beautiful from an artistic standpoint, and not darker than a Florentine. Avernly's experience with children was limited to horse-play with the colonel's sturdy boys who tumbled about roughly and rebounded like rubber balls from the thumps and knocks of daily mishaps; but this fragile child was a problem; Avernly treated him somewhat after the fashion that a careful housewife handles cut-glass and instructed his servants likewise to use him delicately. He attempted a conversation in the vernacular, but not a word did the waif answer. He evinced no desire to leave the compound; on the contrary he seemed pleased with the novelty of his surroundings, but never a sound passed his lips until the evening of the third day, when he ran to meet Avernly with a little cry of, "Salaam, Sahib." Then he spoke a few words of Tamil which cheered Avernly's heart wonderfully, and included his own name which was sufficiently heathen to be unpronounceable.

Avernly straightway set himself to teach his charge the English language which he accomplished with marvellous ease; once realizing himself to be on mutual grounds of understanding the child began to take active interest in affairs about him. He was a wonderfully sweet-tempered, lovable child. He endeared himself to his associates so deeply

that Avernly found himself dreading the hour when his people should arrive to claim him. But that hour was long delayed, and meanwhile the man and child became chums and inseparable companions. Avernly taught him after a manner of his own devising, which left much to be desired in the way of discipline, but the boy never presumed on good nature. His quaint, imperious mein and manner won for him the sobriquet of Maharaja, which suited him admirably all around.

On the fourth anniversary of the Maharaja's advent at the bungalow the dak carrier brought trouble in the shape of a letter; and when Avernly saw it he forgot past and present completely. It was from Alice Clive who was then a widow in England. Why had she written him after her inexplicable conduct? She gave no reason, but explained the mistake of long ago so adroitly that Avernly believed every word and began to dream the old golden-hued dreams of the past. He answered her letter at great length, and for weeks walked with his head among the clouds; then letters came and went frequently and he grew so absurdly, hilariously happy that the Maharaja became suspicious of the little square envelopes and watched them narrowly while Avernly read the contents. The Maharaja had learned to read with perfect ease, for he belonged to the intellectual caste who are by nature polyglots. He read one of Mrs. Wray's letters that fell into his hands quite by chance and at once conceived a violent dislike for the writer.

He was not surprised when Avernly told him he was going across the black water to be married, which meant, in other words, to bring the writer into their midst. Alice had said that she was tired of the world and longed for the unbroken solitude and peace of the wilderness, and so on; and Avernly set about making elaborate preparations for her comfort, for he knew that the Government position might be indefinitely prolonged according to his usefulness. The Maharaja took a hand in the preparations and, finally, when order was restored, he and Avernly set off together for British cantonments. The Maharaja was left at school under the care of an old friend of Avernly's and the latter went his way rejoicing. He

wrote to the Maharaja a great many times on board the home-bound vessel; even when he found himself under the bewitching spell of Alice's presence Avernly did not forget the boy. When he told Alice the story of his rescue she said, "poor little heathen," and resolved in her heart to rid him of the troublesome incumbrance on short order, for she had an eye to financial benefits.

After the wedding Avernly received new word from his army friend that the boy had run away—disappeared mysteriously, leaving no trace.

"It's just as well, dear," said Alice sweetly, "you can never depend on the natives, you know. Better be thankful he didn't make way with any valuables," which showed that she had no proper understanding of the case.

Then came a letter from the Maharaja with the astonishing news that he had gone off to seek his people, whoever they might be, to evade communication with the low castes attending school; he was learning a great deal from one Arundah, a fakir; he would be rejoiced at the Sahib's return; and so on. This was the first and only word he had direct from the boy.

When the bridal couple reached the Indian shore Avernly found himself looking eagerly for the boy's delicate face among the crowds at the wharf and at every station on the northbound line, only to be disappointed. But the first to welcome him at the bungalow was the Maharaja, grown taller, graver and more beautiful. He gave Alice a look of distrust and bowed as Avernly had taught him to do.

"So this is your little waif?" Alice said, looking him over with open disdain, "rather pretty for a native."

"Of course it's all right for the boy to sit at the table with us to-day; but we can't have it hereafter," said Alice, after her first meal in the new home.

"Why, Alice, he's a very well behaved little fellow. He's been with me so long that I really couldn't change matters now."

"You needn't," she answered imper turbably, "I'll manage it."

"You'll hurt his feelings," he objected.

"They will have to be hurt sooner or

later; we might as well show him his place at once."

"His place is where it has been since the first day he came—at my side. I'm sure you won't find anything objectionable in his presence; he's as much of a gentleman as any of our own kind."

"You've been out here so long, of course I couldn't expect you to judge. The gist of the matter is I cannot sit at the table with him, he shall eat with the servants."

That was the beginning of the difficulty. The Maharaja got wind of it and saved Averny's feelings by settling the matter promptly. He took his meals alone thereafter, but he did not love Mrs. Averny any more. He spent his time with Averny at the tanks and about the ruhks at pleasure; he had learned some curious things about fakir lore which amused and interested Averny immensely and the two spent considerable time together out of range of Mrs. Averny's watchful eyes.

Then Alice conceived a use for the Maharajah's room and sent him to the servant's quarter, and still he made no complaint because he loved Averny with surpassing love and would endure neglect or worse for his sake. He had learned that nothing but death could separate man and wife according to the laws of the Sahibs, and he determined to rid him of her willy-nilly; so he evaded the termagant, and when she could no longer vent her malice on him she found other hooks whereon to hang discord. She goaded Averny to desperation with her systematic fault-finding, and openly contrasted the virtues of her first husband with Averny's slackness, as she called his extraordinary patience, till life became a burden; but with the curious insistence of inferior consciences she shrank with holy horror from a separation. She preferred rather to torture Averny to slow madness, thereby making a mockery of the text "what God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

The crowning scene took place in the Maharaja's presence over the disclosure of his renewed intimacy with Averny; she had believed that the boy worked at the tanks like other laborers, and the discovery of his independence angered her beyond measure; she gave her husband a foretaste of the orthodox hell in which she believed.

"I'm sick and tired of it all," she said stormily, "I wish you were dead!"

"Not more than I do," he answered miserably; but he corrected himself quickly. "There must be some other way to mend matters," he added, "If my presence is distasteful to you, I will make it easy for you to leave me. I promise you not to follow you."

"Like any common private's wife!" she cried hotly. "I have too much respect for myself and people to bring that disgrace upon them! They have their pride, if you have not. I'd rather die than stoop to that."

"It isn't every one can put an end to life when they wish to," he answered dryly.

Alice broke down presently and wept copiously, bidding the two offenders take themselves out of her sight, which they did gladly.

"What shall I do, Reggie?" Averny said dejectedly, "as if there could be anything to do but bear it!"

The Maharaja smiled scornfully. "If you were not a Sahib her life should go," he said with unmistakable emphasis.

"Don't say that, Reggie, it's bad enough to wish it. God forgive me if I have wished it!"

"Let us go away, Sahib. Were we not happy before the time she came?"

Averny smiled weakly. "I'm a coward and a fool to care so much while I have you, dear boy," he answered, looking into the grave, bright face. "We'll stick it out the best we can out of her sight."

"We shall not part till the gods part us," he said. "Sahib, would it be wrong to give her the money and goods and everything, and leave her?"

"It would, for her sake, she would think herself disgraced. There's no way but bear it or peg off and give her her freedom," he said, smiling grimly.

"There is a way, Sahib; it is the little death."

What the Maharaja told him was not new to Averny, but it was horrible, and he put the thought away as unworthy, but it revived persistently as a refuge against madness; all things considered no one would be harmed; instead, Alice would have her wish and they would have peace. Nevertheless he refused to talk of that way until fate brought the means close at hand. Averny broke

down under the strain of worry and became seriously ill, so ill that he had to give up his work at the tanks, and the Maharaja rode over the hills for a native doctor far famed for his skill.

It was Arundah, the fakir, and he exhausted his fetish rites on the sick man with peculiar results. It was rather a long illness and to all appearances Averny grew no better. The Maharaja hovered about constantly, to which Alice made no objection, for she had no gift of nursing, and she kept out of the sick-room until it became evident that Averny was sinking when she had the grace to appear disturbed. Then one evening the cry went up that he was dead and she was horrified and begged that all preparation for the funeral be made out of her sight; which was accomplished.

Two Englishmen travelling in the hills heard of the death and rode over to the funeral on the following day. Alice, sombre-robed and delicately beautiful, stood alone at the open grave weeping respectfully while the service was read by the strangers. When the last spadeful of earth had fallen on the new-made grave she went to her room to write to the administration and to her friends at home. She found, on looking through Averny's papers, that the sum of his possessions would abundantly recompense her for the two years of seclusion.

On the evening of the next day she set off for Simla where she told her story and talked pathetically of "poor Frank's unselfish devotion," little dreaming of the curious event which took place that very hour on the lonely Naga hills, under the light of the brilliant Indian stars.

The Maharaja, Arundah and an old, gaunt Marathi dug away the loose earth of the grave until they came upon the coffin which was slipped into a stout noose and hauled it to the surface. The Maharaja prized the lid open with nervous haste, disclosing the deathly pale face of his friend; Arundah removed the plugs from ear and nostrils and began the slow, steady work of resuscitation while the Marathi chafed the cold, rigid limbs diligently. When the chill light of dawn crept over the hills they paused for the first time and Arundah poured a few drops of elixir between the clinched teeth.

Slowly the eyelids fluttered up revealing the wan, weary eyes that looked straight before them with the strange, unseeing gaze of syncope. Then the blood surged back to the palsied heart and sound broke through the silence with the roar of a furnace; and the spell of the little death was broken.

"Let him sleep," said Arundah. "When he wakes he will eat and be strengthened."

The Maharaja sat beside him all the day through, as Averny had done for him that night of long ago, and at the turn of midnight Averny woke and looked about him with the light of reason in his eyes.

"It is all over, Sahib," the Maharaja said, with a curious catch of his tuneful voice.

"Oh, Reggie, we're two cowards, aren't we?" he whispered, weakly, but with the ghost of a smile.

"But we be very happy," the boy answered, tremulously, "and no one shall ever trouble us again. The world is very large, is it not? And there is room for us."

"But remember I am dead, Reggie. I can no longer work for the government, you know, and we must work to live. We haven't a rupee between us."

"But we are free; and I will work for both, as you have done this long while. This is a very happy day for us!"

And so those two passed out of the annals of history together.

There is a man in the government works in northern Punjab who bears a curious resemblance to Averny; his name is Francis Bruce, and no man knows his past or present except so far as his temporary usefulness is concerned. His son Reginald is much thought of for his efficient service in certain political reform; his unexampled knowledge of the native temper is most valuable to the British administration, and his profound sympathy with the natives gives him unlimited influence with otherwise inaccessible tribes. People have tried vainly to get the straight of their history, but have had to be content with conjectures. It is certain that both men serve their country admirably and are altogether happy and satisfied with each other.

ANNETJE

BY ALICE LOUISE LEE

THERE was a great to-do in the De Peyster household. Mynheer De Peyster was speechless, which proved a mighty upheaval within. Vrow Claesle was left to demand all the explanations of which, it appeared, Annetje had few to offer.

Annetje stood in the middle of the living-room pleating one of the strings of her apron and pouting.

"I do not care to. That is all," she said, beginning on the other string.

"I do not understand why," cried her mother helplessly, "you do not wish to marry your cousin."

Her spinning wheel rested. Here was a predicament. Annetje put the square toes of her new leather shoes together and regarded them intently.

"Because I do not," she reiterated.

"You'll think better of it in time," said her mother. "Jan is here to marry you, and what would the people in Holland say if he went back without you?"

Annetje crowded her shoes closer together.

"I would not be there to hear what they said."

"There must be some one else," insisted Vrow Claesle for the twelfth time.

"No one has ever courted me," declared the daughter, also for the twelfth time, adding spitefully, "not even Jan."

The vrow cast a significant look at her husband and said abruptly:—

"There, there! I hear the horn. Run quickly and lead out the cow."

Annetje flew out of the kitchen and past Jan who had been listening to every word at the outer door.

Mynheer smoked furiously and Vrow Claesle's spinning wheel hummed softly.

"This comes," said De Peyster finally, "of bringing up a girl to have her own way. Good wife, it is you who are to blame with your humoring of her."

There was a pause.

"Who was it," asked Vrow Claesle calmly, "that purchased the child three

love-hoods last winter when I said she needed but one? Who was it took her to Fort Orange when I said a girl's place was at home milking the cow? Who—"

But Mynheer's noisy coughing interrupted his wife's deliberate voice. He was taking a horn at the sideboard in the best room. It was a signal of defeat and his wife, with a satisfied air, saw her lord retreat from the kitchen.

It was necessary for Mynheer to imbibe two horns on this occasion to brace him for a meeting with his nephew who was sulking, if a De Peyster could be said to sulk, on the narrow stoop in front of the house. There Mynheer the elder advised Jan to do some courting on his own behalf, instead of taking too much for granted. Mynheer the younger thought it hard luck to come clear from Holland for his bride and find her unwilling to wed. Besides, although he made no mention of it, he stood somewhat in awe of Annetje's nimble tongue.

Annetje released her cow from the shed and led it carefully through the garden to the back gate on the De Perel road just as Gabriel Carpsy sauntered past giving a long blast on his horn. Annetje had her hand on the gate and the wooden latch almost raised when a sudden idea occurred to her.

Gabriel's big, black eyes were upon her. Gabriel was unconscious how much his eyes said to Annetje morning and night over the gate. Annetje, however, had not been unconscious of their language for two months. That was the root of Jan's difficulty. But although Gabriel's eyes spoke volumes, his tongue, beyond a brief greeting, was dumb as the two met by the gate.

"The stupid one!" Annetje had called him daily.

It did seem stupid of Gabriel to speak his adoration from eyes only.

Could he not see how unnecessary it was for Annetje to lead her cow to the

gate at the exact time of his coming? Her neighbors simply led theirs to the road and turned back about their work. Annetje always lingered. Intensely stupid of Gabriel!

So it came about that Annetje, who had lifted that latch easily for no one could tell how many times before, tugged at it this time in vain.

"Wait and I will help," cried Gabriel, throwing down his horn and rushing to her assistance with alacrity. For an instant the small, white cap which fitted tightly over Annetje's brown curls and the broad brimmed hat on Gabriel's head were very close together.

The gate would have yielded sooner to their combined efforts had Annetje not forgotten to remove her hand from the exact spot where Gabriel's big hand must needs descend. Gabriel made some incoherent remark. He could not hear it himself since the blood in his ears made such a ringing. Still, he heard Annetje plainly enough although she only whispered.

"At the Wednesday service, Gabriel, you do the catechism the best."

That was all. Gabriel picked up his horn and drove the herd onward. The crooked ways of New Amsterdam were suddenly transformed for him into the streets of the New Jerusalem! Automatically he blew his horn before each house, and saw one cow after another added to his charge.

He walked fairly on air past Fort Amsterdam and up the great highway. Once outside the wall, he rounded up the herd on the village commons and sat down on a fallen log to his daily task. For Gabriel was the public cow-herd recently appointed by Stuyvesant.

His gun lay idle beside him while its owner dreamed. Again and again he felt Annetje's small, soft hand beneath his. Again did her little cap frill brush across his forehead. Gabriel was dreaming idle dreams as none could know better than he. A laborer might look at a De Peyster much as a cat might look at a king—nor think of a nearer acquaintance. But to love a De Peyster—preposterous!

All this Gabriel knew, yet when near nightfall, a bobolink, perched on a bough overhead, looked down and sang, "What-do-you-think? What-do-you-think?" Ga-

briel looked up and said softly, "Annetje!"

The Dutch maiden had not turned from the gate that morning and muttered, "Stupid," with a stamp of her foot. She had looked shyly after Gabriel's retreating form and smiled. Who in all New Amsterdam, she thought, could boast such a fine figure, even if it were partially covered by a laborer's leather apron? Who could recite the catechism so glibly? Certainly not Jan, who must needs be prompted at every line. Who had such a deep, rich voice when the fore singer set the Psalms on the Sabbath? In St. Nicholas church, Annetje in her front pew could locate Gabriel by his voice. Not that she ever raised her eyes to the gallery. O, no! She knew, too, that his eyes were observant of her. Not that he had ever said so. But she knew, and the knowledge made her nervous because of Jan.

Jan always insisted on sitting next her. And Jan was so short and stout! Jan breathed so heavily during the dominie's prayer. Jan's voice never harmonized with that of the fore singer. Jan's velvet coat did not become him. He could not keep his fingers still during the sermon.

All these things were said from time to time before the mother.

"If Jan found as much fault with you as you do with him, he would have gone back to Holland long since," said Vrow Claesle.

She was kneading bread in a big wooden trough.

"I wish he had then," muttered Annetje poking the oven stick into a bucket of water.

She was kneeling before the huge, brick oven beside the fireplace cleaning it. With a wet cloth on the end of a stick she patiently washed off the slides and stone floor where presently shovels full of dough would be placed.

"Dominie Megopolensis himself cannot see what objection you have to Jan," continued her mother.

"How could he see when he's almost blind?" retorted Annetje. But she took the precaution to put her head in at the oven door before retorting, and the words were lost on Vrow Claesle.

"The marriage has been so long agreed upon," plaintively from her mother. "And there is the linen chest so full. I would not have you go empty handed to Holland. And the wedding dot your father has laid aside. That's not to be thought on lightly."

Annetje made no reply, but the oven stick was flying around inside the oven at a reckless rate. Vrow Claesie regarded it with some anxiety as she put her bread by the fire to rise.

A few moments later Jan entered the kitchen just as his aunt left. Or perhaps she left because he entered.

"Annetje," said Jan restlessly, standing on one foot and plucking at his wrist ruffles nervously.

As he did not go on, Annetje turned a forbidding face to him and said ungraciously:—

"Well, I'm here."

Jan cleared his throat and stood on the other foot.

"Annetje, it's time I should marry."

"Right glad am I to hear it," came the answer in a hollow tone from the oven.

Jan stared blankly and began again.

"Annetje."

"Well?"

"You objected the other day, you know."

"I objected? Why, cousin, I'd be the last one in the world to object. By all means marry."

Jan worked his fingers nervously together.

"But you," he blurted out, "I came over to marry you."

"So every one in New Amsterdam has told me, except you," retorted Annetje. "So far, you've not seen fit to mention the fact."

"You know you've never given me a chance." Jan was fairly weeping.

"Well, now that you have found a chance, what good has it done you?" asked Annetje, gathering up mop and pail. She retreated leaving Jan with a problem. As Jan reasoned it, if Annetje did not love him she loved some one else. It did not stand to reason that a Dutch maiden, well-brought up, could arrive at the age of eighteen without loving some one.

No one had a right to any privacy in his or her affairs in New Amsterdam.

Before many days, Annetje was the town talk. The very idea of a girl refusing to marry a man who had come all the way from Holland to wed her! And with such a store of fine linen, all bleached, said the vrows. And with no other lover visible, said the daughters. With such a dowry! exclaimed the old men. With such a face! ejaculated the youths.

The gossip reached Gabriel tending his cows on the village commons. Gabriel thought he could solve the riddle, but he wisely kept his own counsel. That night as he blew his horn beside the back gate on De Perel road, Annetje was waiting, milk pail in hand, for her cow. Gabriel hastened to open the gate and whisper:—

"Is it true, Annetje, what I've been hearing these few days?"

"And how do I know what you have been hearing?" said Annetje pertly, but she blushed as she looked up. Gabriel grazed down ardently between the panels of the gate. Annetje's face was almost between the same panels on her side, and the eyes she raised to Gabriel were so sweet and blue—not at all the same forbidding eyes which always encountered the hapless Jan.

The little cap frill again brushed Gabriel's face as he stooped lower and lower unrebuked. None but a close observer would have noticed the kiss so hidden by the gate panels, but alas! such an observer was near at hand.

Jan had set himself to solve his problem, and here was the solution. So he reasoned from his post in the cow shed with his eyes applied to a crack.

It was an angry trio that sat in judgment on Annetje that night. Jan was revelling in his testimony. Mynheer De Peyster threw in remarks from behind his pipe. Vrow Claesie wrathfully confronted her silent daughter. It caused them no little discomfiture that she was silent. They, especially Jan, were continually apprehensive of an outburst and because none came, talking was difficult.

"It's a shame! a disgrace!" cried Vrow Claesie.

"That's true, very true," said Mynheer, impressively.

Annetje said nothing. Jan began to swell like a toad and became red in the face. Finally he burst out:—

"I'll go back to Holland and tell the family that one of their number makes love to a—a *leather apron*!"

Annetje fixed her eyes suddenly on Jan in such a gaze of contempt that he instantly collapsed. But the words aroused Mynheer De Peyster. He grasped his pipe and struggled to his feet.

"Never," he shouted, "never, so long as I live, will I consent to such a disgrace. A De Peyster shall never marry beneath her! I—"

Mynheer's exertions proved too violent for an apoplectic man and he was with difficulty assisted to the front stoop to calm himself.

The sign boards set up here and there in the town were the only newspapers in New Amsterdam. On them were carefully printed all news interesting to the public and all decrees promulgated by council and court.

One morning De Peyster was taking a smoke on his front stoop when Annetje appeared before him. There was a round spot of scarlet on either cheek and her eyes sparkled.

"Father, come with me a moment," cried Annetje from the lowest step approaching the stoop.

"Where?" asked De Peyster, without removing his pipe.

"A step only," said Annetje, stamping her foot impatiently.

With a groan De Peyster left his easy-chair and limped down the steps. Annetje flew on before him up the winding way.

"There," she cried, pointing to the sign board. "Is that your doings?"

Mynheer stared uneasily at the board. The latest decree of the Council was there, namely, that one Gabriel Carpsey, late cow-herd, and an apprentice to the Dutch West India Company had been delegated to Fort Orange as one of the garrison of that place.

Annetje shook her father's arm.

"Had you aught to do with it?" she cried.

Her father only coughed.

"Then," cried the daughter, "Gabriel Carpsey is a better man and more honorable than you, a De Peyster. He would never stoop to so mean an act."

De Peyster's face began to redden and

his eyes to stare. But Annetje had no time to deal with apoplexy. Just as she was, in her white apron and little white house cap, she fled up to the fort by crooked and devious paths. Into the great enclosure, past Saint Nicholas' church, never stopping until she reached the house of the director general himself.

She let fall the great knocker and then began to tremble at her own temerity. Never had she spoken to this wigged personage. On Sabbaths she had gazed at him with awe as he occupied a chair almost under the high pulpit.

The doorway was presently filled by a broad, Dutch figure.

"Is His High Mightiness within?" inquired Annetje.

The woman put her arms akimbo and surveyed the girl curiously.

"It's the wife you want to see," she corrected Annetje.

"My business is with the director himself. Is he here?"

"And what might be your business with him?" asked the woman.

"You are right," spoke Annetje with spirit. "My errand is with him and not with you. Is he at home?"

"He is in the Council room," replied the woman, casting a disapproving look at a girl who could so answer an older woman.

Stuyvesant had a weakness for flowing titles. Hence when he learned by what title he had been called, he at once admitted the waiting lass.

Annetje courtesied low before him.

"Your High Mightiness, I am Annetje, daughter of Abram De Peyster."

"Ah," said Petrus Stuyvesant with new interest. "Abram De Peyster's daughter?" Annetje nodded.

"I've read the new decree."

Stuyvesant made no remark.

"My cousin Jan has come over from Holland to marry me."

Stuyvesant cleared his throat. Annetje blushed, but kept her eyes on the director.

"I would marry Gabriel Carpsey."

"What, you jade! marry a common laborer and an apprentice?"

"No, sir, your Highness. I'd marry a man," cried Annetje with emphasis.

Stuyvesant called the small, thin Jan to mind and chuckled. His High Mightiness was seldom amused.

"But, girl, why come you to me? Go to your father."

"My father is stubborn, sir," replied Annetje.

"What about yourself," asked Petrus quickly.

Annetje paused. Her eyes fell as she said, the corners of her lips twitching mischievously.

"I am my father's daughter, sir, perhaps."

Stuyvesant chuckled again.

"So I judged. But why did you come to me?"

"I do not wish Gabriel to leave New Amsterdam."

"But the decree of the Council has gone forth."

"Your High Mightiness can recall the decree."

"Certainly, I cannot. The Council passed the decree, jade."

"But every one knows that the Council do as you bid them," said Annetje boldly.

"Tut, tut, girl. Your tongue runs more than is seemly."

But nevertheless Petrus was not displeased with this tribute to his power. He drummed a while on the silver bands of his wooden leg and stared hard at blushing Annetje.

"Ho, Belletje!" he finally called.

The woman who had admitted Annetje responded.

"Where is Gabriel?"

"Being trained in the use of arms in the barracks, sir."

"Call him thither."

When Gabriel stood before them, Stuyvesant said:—

"Gabriel, which would you be, a soldier or a cow-herd?"

Gabriel looked in amazement from one to the other and said nothing.

"Speak out, boy. Have you lost your tongue?"

"I would be a soldier, sir, but for—"

Gabriel stopped.

"Well, but for what?"

"But for Annetje," said Gabriel, speaking very low.

Annetje's blushes deepened and her eyes studied the patterns on the sand on the white floor.

"How old are you, Gabriel?" was Stuyvesant's next question.

"Twenty next Whitsuntide."

"And you?" to Annetje.

"Nineteen."

"And both unmarried. A shame!" and the director again raised his voice, "Ho, Belletje!"

She immediately appeared. Her ear had not been far from the key hole.

"Go summon Dominie Megopolensis."

Belletje disappeared.

"Now, I'll see how much of this is talk. you, girl, are you willing to give up father, mother, wedding portion and all for this youth?"

Annetje smiled and courtesied.

"Well, that's Scripture. And you, a De Peyster, are willing to go with this apprentice?"

Annetje slid a little nearer to the tall, handsome Gabriel as she nodded.

"And go at once?" catechized Petrus.

"Yes, your High Mightiness," said Annetje.

Gabriel fondly took one of Annetje's hands in his and stood very straight before the director.

"Well, then, you may as soon as the dominie comes, you foolish children. But hark you. There is no use of your giving up aught. Leave that to me. I can prevail with your father. And you," turning to Gabriel, "you are a likely lad. I'll cancel the indemnity papers and you shall go to Fort Orange your own master."

With a radiant face Gabriel took Stuyvesant's extended hand in so firm a grasp that the director winced and said laughingly:—

"A strong defender will Fort Orange have if your grip on a gun is half so hard." Then to Annetje, he continued:—

"Poor Jan! What ever will he do now? What will you say to him?"

"I think he will not require words," said the blushing Annetje, suddenly growing shyer as she felt Gabriel's loving eyes on her.

Stuyvesant was true to his promises. A few days later Mynheer Carpsey with Vrow Annetje, his wife, sailed up the Hudson to their new home. They bore with them the wedding dot from Mynheer De Peyster, the linen chests from Vrow Claesie and the memory of Jan's sulks.



GOD IN THE WOODS

Too much depressed by mingled woe
And hatred of the urban show
I turn where Cedar's waters flow
Through fairy forests singing.

At ease upon a shady knoll
I scan God's panoramic scroll,
The sighs of mortals from my soul,
A needless burden, flinging.*
— Frank Putnam

*By permission of the author.
From his verses "The Ban-
quet; Songs of Evolution."



"THE HOWLING DERVISHES HOLD THEIR WEEKLY ZIKR IN AN OPEN SPACE BEFORE A SMALL MOSQUE IN OLD CAIRO THAT LOOKS LIKE A HUGE MUD-PIE DRIED IN THE SUN."

THE DANCING AND HOWLING DERVISHES OF EGYPT

BY LAURA B. STARR

FOREMOST among the numerous order of dervishes who have a habitat in Egypt are those characterized by their dancing and howling. They perform every Saturday afternoon; the former in a blue domed mosque in the outskirts of old Cairo and the latter in an open field near Bulac. No matter of whom nor how many times one asks the question: "Who and what are the dervishes?" the answer is invariably the same: "The dervishes are religious enthusiasts, of the most fanatical kind."

Many of the Egyptian dervishes are dervishes incidentally as it were, as Europeans are Free Masons, or Knights' Templars. They have a business or calling which they pursue daily, like others of their kind, and only occasionally assist in the rites and ceremonies of their order. For instance, a man may be an ordinary laborer, husbandman or fisherman, but

if the order to which he belongs is called upon to take part in any religious festival or the funeral of some celebrated person, he must leave his business and help to carry the numerous flags of his order. At the funeral of Ishmail Pasha, which took place during March, 1895, every order of dervish was represented, and their curiously colored and shaped hats and multitude of waving banners with strange devices, made an imposing spectacle.

There are a few, however, who have no other occupation than reciting *zikrs* and attending to the business of their order. Others lead a wandering life and obtain a precarious livelihood by soliciting alms. A *zikh* is the recital of a few words in praise of Allah, repeated interminably, or a portion, or possibly the whole of the Koran. The dervishes chant the words in slow measure, bowing the head and body to mark the time.

A PICTURE FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

My first sight of what are commonly called "howling dervishes," was upon the occasion of the anniversary of the death of Hoseyn, the martyr and hero of the Persian Passion Play. All Cairo was ablaze with the celebration of the festival, and the drive which we took through the narrow lanes before reaching the mosque was like a picture transplanted bodily from the Arabian Nights.

Chandeliers, colored lamps and candles were hung before every door, and all the shops were open, but not for the sale of goods. The floors were spread with fine carpets or rugs, and each merchant was seated, cross-legged like the Turk he probably was, with a number of friends by his side, all steadily and sturdily smoking *narghills*. In many cases moushrableh settees were arranged before the open shop and these were filled with turbanned men who had come to see the celebration.

Restaurants and "sweet shops" did a thriving business in coffee, "Turkish Delight," rose-water and orange-flower syrups. The crowd was so great that it was with difficulty our carriage could force its way; many visitors wiser than we were had taken donkeys and were able to go faster and get about much better than those in carriages.

The nearest to anything European to which I could liken the occasion, is

Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, providing the holiday was at night, or an evening at Coney Island, New York, when all the whirligigs, brass bands, fakirs and fortune tellers are in full blast.

THE SPECTATOR'S FIRST IMPRESSION.

When we had driven up and down the long, narrow streets for an hour or more our dragoman said: "Will my ladies come to see the howling dervishes?"

Yes, we would, and away we went to the Hoseyne Mosque where El Hoseyn's head is supposed to be buried, and there, squatted on the floor, we found a dozen dervishes performing a *zikr*. They sat in an oblong ring, cross-legged, on the stone floor, near the tomb, and revolved their heads in concert with a certain rotary motion which carried each one toward his neighbor as if he were going to fall upon him; but with such correctness and precision did they move that they never came in collision. They chanted, first in slow measure, bowing the head with the aforesaid motion twice with each repetition of the sentence of



"IT IS A CURIOUS SIGHT, THESE TALL GAUNT CREATURES WITH THEIR LEAN BODIES WRAPPED IN VOLUMINOUS GREAT BROWN CLOAKS AND THEIR HEADS BEDECKED WITH THE HIGH, SUGAR-LOAF FELT HAT, WHICH IS THE DISTINGUISHING MARK OF THIS ORDER."

praise: "There is no God but God;" then the motion increased and the words came out of their mouths with great velocity.

They seemed supremely unconscious of their curious spectators, and continued the singing and wagging of their heads until they could stand the increased motion no longer, when they suddenly

stopped and entered what seemed a state of coma; but they soon revived and after a little time began again. During the height of the excitement one dervish tumbled over in a fit which was probably epileptic, but nobody paid the slightest attention to him, and after a time he recovered himself and joined the others in their swinging motions again.

Some of the dervishes were old men who had nearly finished their days in this world, their green turbans telling the initiated that they had performed the most important act in a Moslem's life, *i.e.*, the pilgrimage to Mecca; but they wagged their heads and moved their bodies with great vigor still, and how their beady black eyes shone and glistened when we caught their glances!

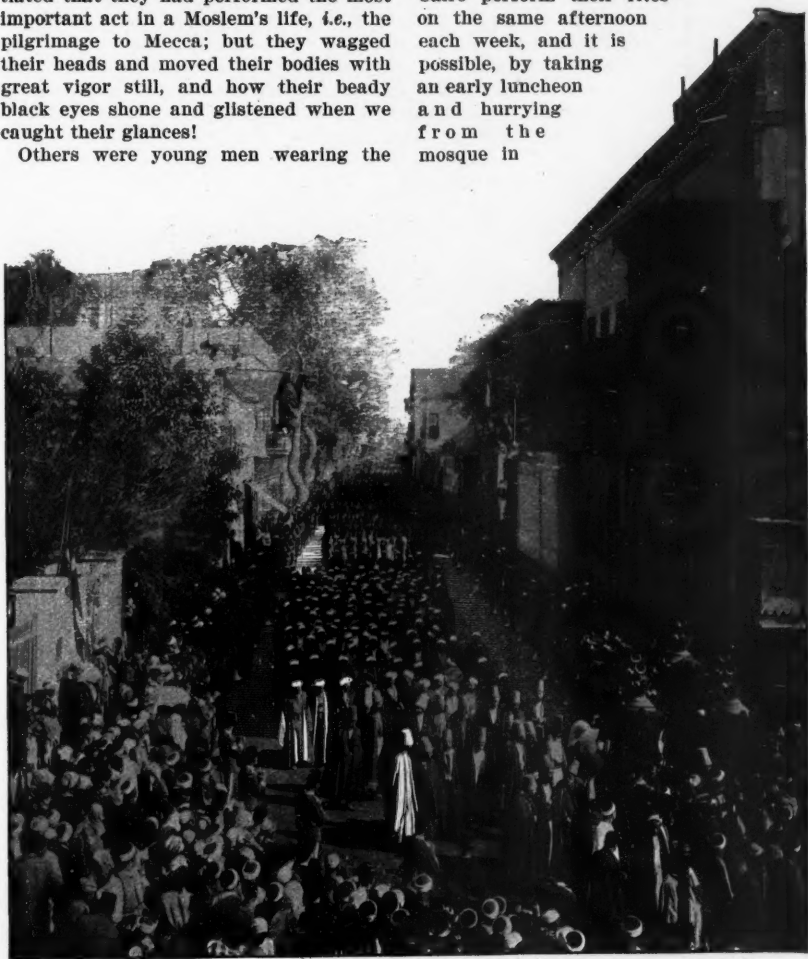
Others were young men wearing the

tall, comical chocolate-colored hat of their order, and nearly all were poorly dressed, but apparently very devout.

Within the ring set in a line through the centre were several large wax candles about four feet high, stuck in low candlesticks. They shed a weird sort of light, which, with the curious chanting, made the scene one long to be remembered.

WHERE THE RITES ARE PERFORMED.

The dancing and howling dervishes of Cairo perform their rites on the same afternoon each week, and it is possible, by taking an early luncheon and hurrying from the mosque in



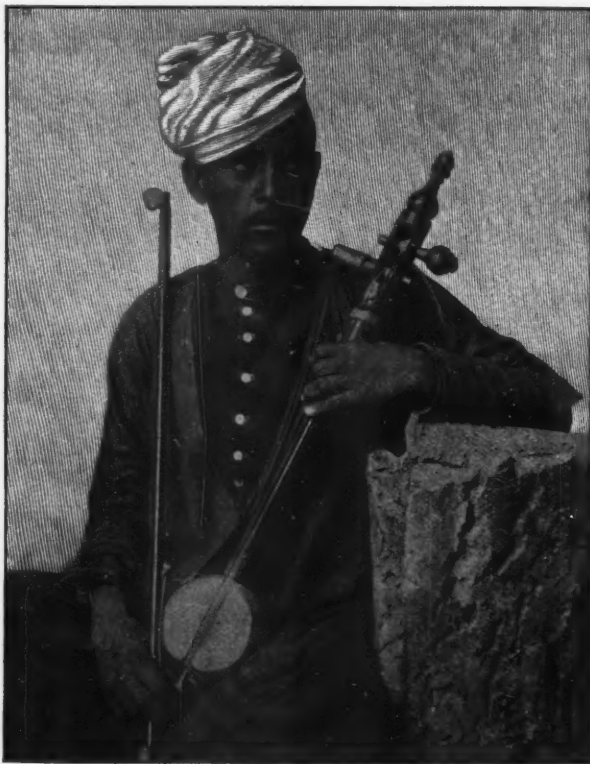
"AT THE FUNERAL OF ISHMAEL PASHA, IN MARCH, 1895, EVERY ORDER OF DERVISH WAS REPRESENTED."

the square of Sultan Hassan, through the narrow dust laden streets of old Cairo, to see them both the same day; but if time is no object, it is far better to make two trips and see each with what comfort one may; there is not much in either case, but it is better to have what little there is.

As at present conducted, they seem

make sure that all is in readiness for the service. If any of the spectators are seated on the balustrade or leaning over it he will tell them with slow and solemn gesture that they are not allowed to do so.

There is a sheikh at the head of each order, and a handsome rug upon which he sits is placed in the centre of the floor;



"A TYPICAL DERVISH MUSICIAN."

little else than theatrical representations gotten up for the benefit of tourists who are made to pay liberally, one way and another, for the pleasure. Within the mosque there is a small, circular hall, with an elevated gallery where the spectators stand. If one is there early enough to witness the beginning, he will see a tall, lean, brown-faced dervish walk into the area and survey the crowd to

the dervishes file before him on entering, and make a low obeisance as they pass; they then retire each to his place in the circle and remain motionless for the space of a few minutes. It is a curious sight, these tall, gaunt creatures, with their lean bodies wrapped in voluminous great brown cloaks, and their heads bedecked with the high, sugar-loaf felt hat which is the distinguishing mark of this order.

Presently the sheikh arises and moves round the mosque, followed by the band, each one bending his head toward the sacred carpet as he passes it, in the same manner as the Roman Catholics and High Church people incline the head in passing the altar or when the crucifix is presented.

The musicians are squatting on their rugs in the gallery from which they send forth a most melancholy noise, their instruments being flutes and drums of a

sheikh again seats himself on the rug in the centre, and the dervishes lay aside their cloaks and stand forth arrayed in long, full, white tunics, weighted at the hem, and bound at the waist by a heavy cord.

The dervishes open their arms and throw back their heads and begin to spin as if they were "tops launched by an invisible hand;" the music increases and the whirl gradually becomes more rapid, but always in unison; and although their



"THE DERVISHES OPEN THEIR ARMS AND THROW BACK THEIR HEADS AND BEGIN TO SPIN AS IF THEY WERE TOPS LAUNCHED BY AN INVISIBLE HAND."

primitive kind. The baz or dervish drum, the most important one, is six or seven inches in diameter; it is used in religious services like this and carried by wandering mendicants. It is held in the left hand by a handle which projects from the back. The player holds in his right hand a strap or stick with which he wildly beats the drum. Cymbals are also sometimes used.

DERVISHES OF THE DANCING VARIETY.

When the procession has made the circuit of the mosque once or twice, the

eyes are closed the dancers never touch one another, neither do their garments, which fly out in a circle till each spinning creature looks like a doll pin-cushion; at last with a simultaneous cry of "Allah," they fall as if struck by some superhuman force. So unexpected is this movement that the spectator is frightened at first, thinking something unusual has happened; but it is only a part of the programme.

When this takes place the dervishes are supposed to have reached that state of ecstasy when the body is forgotten and

the man is only conscious of his spirit; it is a sort of trance brought on by dizziness caused by the constant and swift whirling. It is impressive in a way, as even the most foolish thing done in all seriousness takes on a certain amount of dignity; but one gets a creepy sort of feeling and wonders what acts of madness might not be attempted and consummated while these fanatical creatures labor under the intoxication of this wild excitement.

When the dancers fall it is from sheer exhaustion and they remain prostrate until they have a little recovered themselves, when another phase is started; standing in a circle they perhaps begin repeating the name of their deity, "Allah," with a strong accent on the latter syllable; they make a deep genuflection as they utter the first syllable and rise to an upright position as they prolong the latter, and then go through the whole round again. Occasionally one more mad than the others leaves the circle and rushes away through the crowd of spectators at the door; some one of the band soon follows him for fear he may in his

wild delirium harm himself. When thoroughly exhausted and wearied by excitement they separate feeling very virtuous that they have performed their devotions in the most acceptable manner to their God.

THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

The howling dervishes hold their weekly *zikr* in an open space before a small mosque in old Cairo that looks like a huge mud-pie dried in the sun. The drive is through long, dusty lanes where the fine sand billows in waves and clouds that threaten to choke us. As we near the place we hear a sound like that of a mighty engine and are met by a filthy mob of hideously deformed beggars, and a multitude of grimy hands are thrust out with the national cry of "*backsheesh*."

By dint of much shouting and great force our dragoman finds chairs for us, and we sit in the blinding sun and dust to see—What!—Thirty or forty dirty dervishes with long hair braided in many plaits hanging below their turbans, squatting on a floor of mats rolling their heads

round and round, swaying their bodies from the waist upward. Occasionally they vary their movements and throw their heads from side to side like a pendulum; again they bob forwards and backwards, all meanwhile shouting and shrieking in tones that resembled some wild animal. Their faces grow redder and redder until the blood seems like to burst forth from every pore.

It is a fearsome sight and repugnant to a degree, and we were only too glad to get away without waiting for the bitter end; the flies, heat, dust and continual cry of "*backsheesh*" were too much for us and we



"THE MUSICIANS ARE SQUATTING ON THEIR RUGS IN THE GALLERY, FROM WHICH THEY SEND FORTH A MOST MELANCHOLY NOISE."

weakly succumbed and fled. Never before did the shady terrace of the Grand New Hotel, with its soft rugs, easy-chairs, and small tea-tables look so inviting as upon our return from this horrible orgy.

THE DESCENDENT OF MOHAMMED AND HIS DERVISHES.

It was my good fortune to see a *zikr* performed in the courtyard of Sheikh el Sadat's house; he is the occupant of the prayer carpet of his great ancestor Mohammed, being the only male descendent of the Prophet in Egypt; he is at the head of the Seyyids, or Sheleefs, one of the most important orders of dervishes in Cairo. The sheikh of an order is he who occupies the prayer rug of the founder of that order; this is considered a sort of a spiritual throne, and to a certain extent the occupant controls the actions of the members.

It is the custom of Sheikh el Sadat to have dervishes perform a *zikr* every night during the great fast of Ramadan, when the devout Moslem turns night into day, feasting from sunset to sunrise and fasting from sunrise until the sunset gun announces the hour for taking food again.

Through the influence of a friend at court we were privileged to witness one of these ceremonies. The sheikh lives in a house built by his ancestors over eight hundred years ago and which is one of the most interesting places in old Cairo. The house is built around three sides of a court while the fourth is shut in by a high stone wall—like the Spanish patio and nothing of it is visible from the street.

Sheikh el Sadat is an important man among the Moslems, and with his band of dervishes always heads the funeral pro-



"SHEIKH EL SADAT, HEAD OF THE SEYYIDS DERVISHES OF CAIRO. HE IS THE OCCUPANT OF THE PRAYER CARPET OF HIS GREAT ANCESTOR MOHAMMED, AND THE ONLY MALE DESCENDENT OF THE PROPHET OF EGYPT."

cession of any person of note. He is a thorough Turk in appearance wearing the beautiful silken garments and fine cashmere shawls which his countrymen have worn for centuries. He is big and fat and has an extremely red face; his whole appearance indicates a man of apopleptic tendency. Although very conservative he is liberal, or vain enough to allow European visitors the freedom of his house whenever they ask permission in the proper way.

When we entered the court the dervishes, twenty perhaps, were seated on

low settees of moushrableh, smoking, and taking coffee. They wore the familiar chocolate hats and voluminous brown cloaks. Presently they ranged themselves in an oblong ring facing each other and began to chant the opening chapter of the Koran, accompanying their recitation with motions of the head, arms and body, always exactly together and always more or less languid and graceful, never with the violent frenzy of the howling dervishes.

Faster played the pipes and drums and quicker were their motions, but never did they reach the extreme limit of the others which we had seen. At certain intervals they rested and partook of the delicious Turkish coffee which the sheikh's servants passed to both performers and spectators. We were told that upon this occasion, being the last night of Ramadan, the dervishes would remain till morning and chant or recite the whole of the Koran; on other evenings the performance had not been so long, only a portion of the holy book being chanted. Rich and influential men often hire a band of dervishes to perform a *zikr* as a sort of votive offering. A particularly happy bridegroom frequently celebrates his nuptials in the same manner, as this is the form of entertainment which best pleases the middle and better class.

DIFFERENT ORDERS OF DERVISHES.

The most celebrated orders of dervishes in Egypt, Lane tells us, are the Rifa'-

eezeh, the members of which carry black banners and wear turbans of very deep blue woollen stuff.

Another band use green banners, and wear dark turbans; still another wear white turbans and carry white banners.

There is one sect, most of whom are fishermen. They carry nets of various colors fastened to poles as the banners of their orders. Others with turbans and banners of red.

There is still another, all young men, who wear high hats with a tuft or pieces of various colored cloth on top. They carry wooden swords, and a whip made of thick twist of cord, wear numerous strings of beads, carry banners and wear turbans of green.

The religious exercises of the dervishes consist chiefly in the performance of *zikrs*; but each sect has a monopoly, as it were, of certain wonderful feats, such as thrusting iron spikes into their eyes and bodies, without sustaining an injury, or eating live coals and shattered glass, and breaking large stones on their chests; some pass swords through their bodies, and packing needles through their cheeks, others carry balls of fire in procession, another order handles venomous snakes and scorpions and pretend to eat portions of them. Until the reign of Tewfik Pasha, the sheikh of one order, annually rode his Arab steed over the prostrate bodies of fanatics, who thought to gain heaven by making martyrs of themselves here; but the *doseh* is not allowed at present.

CONTENT

If Fame should hail me as her son
What would it matter? See, my sweet,
I'd strew the laurels, one by one—
A pathway for thy feet.

Should all the world be sad and sere
And Fortune pass us with a frown,
Then, standing hand in hand, my dear,
We'll laugh her malice down.

What matters it, the praise or blame,
The men below, the Gods above,
What matters it, the fame or shame,
While we can live and love?

Theodosia Pickering.



AMONG THE BEECHES (FOREGROUND OF SECOND SCENE IN ACT III.)

"BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" ON THE STAGE

BY WINSLOW BATES

N EARLY a quarter of a century ago a young minister of the Free Church of Scotland was called from Edinburgh to take the charge of a small congregation in Harrietfield, on the estate of Logiealmond, in Perthshire, now immortalized as "Drumtochty." Here the Rev. John Watson—for the young minister was none other than he—young, enthusiastic and impressionable, lived, studied, labored and preached, a faithful pastor to a simple and honest people. While dwelling in this quiet nook in the Highlands of Scotland, he unconsciously absorbed the knowledge and received the impressions which years afterward he was persuaded to embody for the delectation of the civilized world in his imimi-

table tales of the folk of Drumtochty. Rarely have stories that are called fictitious been so thoroughly based on reality both as to people and places as are the delightful Bonnie Briar Bush sketches by Ian Maclaren. Years have passed since the original pictures were drawn, and nearly all of the human models have disappeared from the stage of life. Nevertheless, if you are ever so fortunate as to visit Drumtochty, the natives, who are very proud of Doctor Watson and his stories, will point out this place and that as the scene of various incidents in the books, and they will have many curious anecdotes to relate of the prototypes of the Bonnie Briar Bush characters. A drive of six miles from the quaint old town of Methven brings you within sight of the single street of low stone cottages, mostly of one story, which forms the only

* The illustrations in this article are reproduced from the illustrated editions of Ian Maclaren's books, by the kind permission of his American publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company.

semblance of a village in the entire Logiealmond district. Along the south stretches the Ochil hills, purple and misty, while facing you as you drive north, rise the rugged peaks of the nearer Gramplains. Coming to the Almond (Ian Mac-laren's "Tochty") you now cross by a new iron bridge close beside the picturesque but unsafe old stone one near the spot made memorable by being forded during the flood by Doctor Maclure and Sir George. Sir George, it will be recalled, was as brave as most men, but he had never forded a Highland river in a flood and the mass of black water racing past beneath, before and behind him, affected his imagination and shook his nerve. "He rose from his seat and ordered Maclure to turn back, declaring that he would be condemned utterly and eternally if he allowed himself to be drowned for any person."

"Sit doon," thundered Maclure; "condemned ye will be suner or later gin ye shirk yir duty, but through the water ye gang the day." Needless to say that it was Maclure who prevailed.

DR. WATSON'S WORK IN THE MINISTRY.

Two and a half years were passed by young Watson as the minister of the Free Kirk in Drumtochty, after which he was removed to a more onerous position in the city of Glasgow, and three years later he entered a new Presbyterian Church that had just been built in Sefton Park, Liverpool, where for nearly eighteen years he has preached to one of the largest and most influential churches in England. Doctor Watson's magnanimity, liberal-mindedness, and large-hearted devotion to his work have been manifested on many occa-

sions. Unlike Mr. Crockett, nothing would persuade Doctor Watson to give up his mission in life, his care of the church. With him literature is only an avocation—the cure of souls being his most sacred and cherished vocation. Only a few weeks ago he received a call to a prominent church in London which would have tempted a lesser man, but he put it quietly aside after due deliberation, and the address which he made on the occasion is one of the most beautiful and touching that has probably ever been heard in similar circumstances. The impression is deepened when we remember that by going to London he would have escaped for good and all the vexation and annoyance and petty persecution of his Northern brethren in the cloth, who, on account of certain views of the Christian doctrine expressed in his religious books, have brought against him repeated charges of heresy. At Sefton Park, Doc-

*I hope ya will
like the second volume.*

*Long me has been most
kind to the first.*

With kind regards,

Yours faithfully

John Watson.

AUTOGRAPH LETTER WRITTEN BY DR. WATSON ON THE
APPEARANCE OF HIS SECOND BOOK, "THE DAYS
OF AULD LANG SYNE."

tor Watson has always gathered around him men of all schools of thought and of all classes, and has especially drawn to him thoughtful young men; few preachers of the day, indeed, satisfy so fully the various and vagrant needs of the members of the younger generation. The service which has been carefully arranged by himself meets every requirement alike of culture and devotion. It is characteristic of him that when he conveyed his permission to dramatize his books he spoke of one thing being desirable, that the leading parts should, so far as possible, be taken by those who would be most likely to enter into the spirit of his characters. To all who know him it is evident that Doctor Watson is governed throughout by that noble wisdom and charity of St. Paul's, who

was all things to all men that peradventure he might save some.

HOW "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

Little did young Watson imagine when he occupied the pulpit of the Free Kirk in Drumtochty that he stood among scenes and moved among characters which would one day be transferred first to literature and now to the stage. The story has become familiar how, not five years since, on the suggestion of a friend—Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll the editor of

the *British Weekly*—Doctor Watson commenced writing the sketches which have given him a world-wide fame, and now promise to win for him a fresh reputation through their adaptation to the stage. It was in this wise: Ian Maclaren has himself told the story. "You perhaps know that Dr. Robertson Nicoll and I

have been acquaintances for some time, and I have contributed to his magazines and periodicals numerous articles and papers. I forget how long it is since he began to bother me to write some sketches of Scottish life. Then he began to write letters and finally to send telegrams. Then I said, 'this is growing serious, I must put a stop to it.' There was nothing for it but to give in, so I thought of some types of character which I had known in my Scottish par-



PORTRAIT OF DR. JOHN WATSON (IAN MACLAREN).

ishes when I was a young minister years ago, and I selected one or two of them and wrote 'Domsie,' which is the first sketch in the 'Bonnie Brier Bush.' I got a letter from Doctor Nicoll saying it was just what he wanted, and should appear in an early number of the *British Weekly*. Then he wanted more, and somehow the other stories came into shape till finally the first book was published. And there it is; but it is all a surprise to me still."

THE SUCCESS OF IAN MACLAREN'S BOOKS.

In the autumn of 1894 appeared "Beside

the Bonnie Brier Bush," and in a few months the sale had exceeded one hundred thousand copies. Following this in the succeeding autumn he put out another volume called "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," which leaped at once to the same pitch of popularity as its forerunner. There was a continuous interest in the stories which, resembling Mr. Barrie's "Window in Thrums," and Jane Barlow's "Irish Idylls," kept to the same little

both were published at the end of that year. It was at this time that Major Pond succeeded in luring Doctor Watson to this country and conducted him along a triumphant march on the lecture platform throughout the States. The wave of emotion which surged all over the country wherever Ian Maclaren appeared has not yet spent its force; no lecturer ever received such a tremendous *éclat* in America, none, with the exception of



GLEN URTACH WITH BEN HORNISH AND THE RIVER TOCHTY IN THE DISTANCE (BACKGROUND OF THE SECOND SCENE IN ACT III.)

theatre of action and circled around the same scenes and characters. But all local boundaries were swept away by that wondrous touch of genius which took hold of the common things, common people, common situations and made them universal, so that all who read about the Drumtochty folk were not only moved by the pathos and humor of their doings, but felt a common kinship with their joys and sorrows. Then during 1896 Doctor Watson's first novel, "Kate Carnegie," appeared serially and outsold even Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," when

Stanley, has been so successful, and no visitor to these shores yet made such a profound impression on our people or left such a warm feeling of affection behind him. The name of Ian Maclaren will long be a household word in America, his books will long be treasured in the domestic circle, and his influence in all that makes for kindliness and courtliness of spirit, for purity and goodness of heart will be a lasting one.

HOW "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" CAME TO BE DRAMATIZED.

Probably not since Dickens came over



DR. WEELUM MACLURE'S HOUSE.

the water and swayed the great mass of this republic to laughter and tears by his wonderful books has any writer taken captive a whole people and made them laugh and weep at will as Ian MacLaren has done. To this must be attributed the fact that not for many a day has the announcement of a new play been received with such universal interest and been so widely noticed in the press and discussed so largely in public. When the announcement was made recently that a dramatization of Ian MacLaren's two books of short stories and his novel had been completed and actually accepted by a first-class New York management, wonder grew apace as

to how it had been done. We have heard that Mr. James A. Herne, the author-actor of "Shore Acres" looked over the first volume of Ian MacLaren's stories at the instigation of some interested individual when Doctor Watson was in this country, and that he said it was impossible to make a play out of anything so full of sadness and so lacking in comedy. We are not surprised at this when we learn from Mr. James MacArthur, one of the authors of the play, that the dramatization grew bit by bit and built itself out of the stories in the books as they appeared. The story of the evolution of the drama is rather an interesting one. Mr. Mac-



JAMIE WIPING HIS HAT-BAND.
(INCIDENT IN ACT I.)

Arthur, we may say, is co-editor of *The Bookman*, and is a friend of Doctor Watson's. He it was who led Dodd, Mead and Company to publish "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and this is the more interesting in coincidence with the fact that through him also, the dramatization has been introduced to the public.

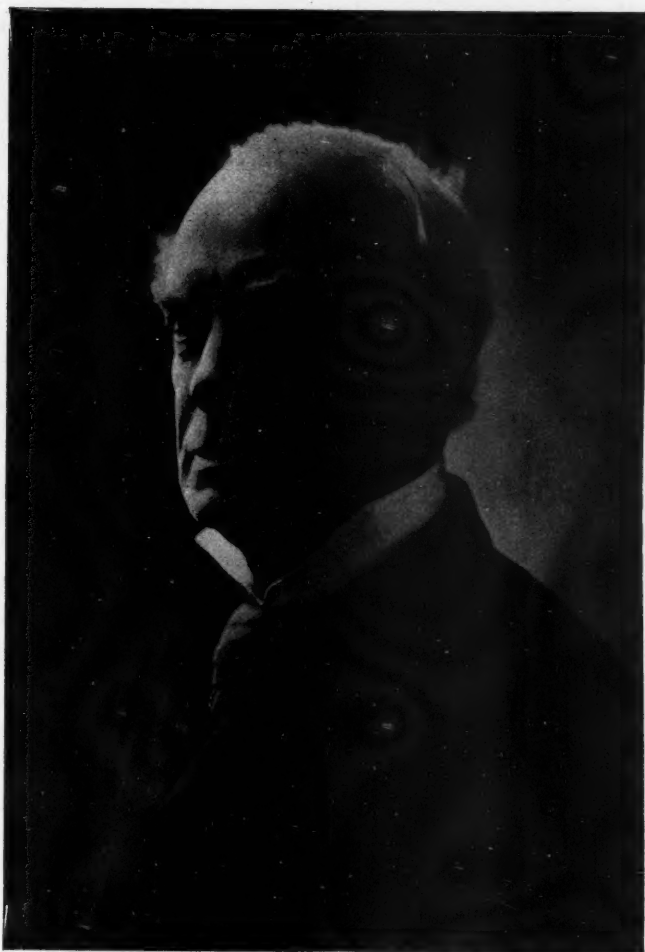
It was the production of "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, two years ago last fall, which started the idea in Mr. MacArthur's mind. At once the story in the "Bonnie Brier Bush" called "The Transformation of Lachlan Campbell" presented itself to him as a nucleus. But as Mr. Herne for-

saw later, pathos predominated to the exclusion of comedy in this book, and it was not until "Auld Lang Syne" came out that this element was forthcoming. Still the tentative play formed for a second time on this basis was unsatisfactory and the idea was almost given up, when upon reading "Kate Carnegie" as it was running serially in *The Bookman*, the exclamation of one of the characters, "Love knows neither rank nor creeds," flashed an inspiration which put new life into the project with the result that another play was constructed. This was shown by Mr. MacArthur to Doctor Watson while in New York, and his approval and permission to make the dramatization

were obtained. The work, however, was still felt by him to be crude, and he almost despaired of shaping it so as to win the eye of a manager, when last fall the appearance of "The Little Minister," and the success attending it, convinced him that there was a play in his manuscript, and suggested to him the necessity of calling in an experienced collaborator. Fortunately he fell in with Tom Hall, who has been known for some years as a contributor of humorous verse to the periodicals and magazines, but whose undoubted dramatic ability is only now discovered in conjunction with Mr. MacArthur. They went at the work enthusiastically and with a will, and in two months had succeeded in placing the final manuscript of the play in the hands of Messrs. Frank L. Perley and Fred M. Ranken,



A CORNER OF MARGET HOWE'S GARDEN (WHICH FIGURES IN ACT I OF THE PLAY).



*Yours Very Sincerely
J. H. Stoddart*

[PORTRAIT OF J. H. STODDART, WHO WILL ACT THE PART OF "LACHLAN CAMIBELL"
IN "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."]

who complimented the authors very highly on the finish and great human interest of the play, and who are very sanguine of its success. Mr. MacArthur is warm in expressing his indebtedness to Tom Hall, and wonders how, possessing such able dramatic talent, he has

managed to hide his light so long under a bushel. He says that the play as it now stands is a joint collaboration by its two authors.

A notable feature in the play will be the introduction of Scottish part songs rendered by an especially trained male

quartet, appearing as haymakers, street singers, etc. The songs are original in their arrangement and were sung for the first time in this country during the last two winters by a quartet, which accompanied Mr. MacArthur in a series of readings from the "Bonnie Brier Bush" stories, making up a programme called "A Nicht wi' Ian Maclaren," under the auspices of Major Pond. There are four acts and five scenes in the play, four of which are laid in Drumtochty and one in

the stage, and the play will partake of all the comedy and pathos of life in Drumtochty as depicted by Ian Maclaren. The managers are combining their efforts with the writers of the play to so interpret the characters and scenes as to invite the audience right over the footlights into Drumtochty. One of the most gratifying things noted about the drama is that it will be remarkable throughout for its healthy tone and purity of motive. Doctor Watson's sanction, indeed, would



THE FREE KIRK OF DRUMTOCHTY, OF WHICH DR. WATSON (IAN MACLAREN) WAS AT ONE TIME MINISTER.

London. Act I. will present a picturesque scene in front of Whinny Knowe Farm, known in "Kate Carnegie" as Marget Howe's Confessional. Act II. takes place in the interior of Lachlan Campbell's cottage. Act III. proceeds to Westminster, London, and has a second scene, Among the Beeches, with the Tochty flowing behind a rising bank, and lofty Ben Hornish in the distance, and a rye field bounded by a low stone dyke with a stile crossing it, to the right. Act IV. ends the story in Lachlan's cottage. The principal characters in the books reappear on

be proof sufficient that this atmosphere would be preserved. Mr. Joseph A. Physloc, one of the best scenic artists in America has just completed his models, and is now engaged in painting the scenery. The production will be presented some time before the end of the present month (February) in a Broadway theatre in New York.

MR. J. H. STODDART IN THE LEADING ROLE
OF THE PLAY.

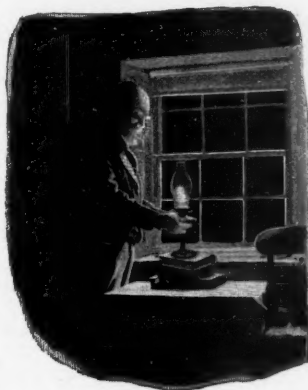
At the time of writing, the caste had not been completed, but the announcement



DRUMTOCHTY—THE VILLAGE.

that Mr. J. H. Stoddart has been engaged to take the leading part is of great interest. Mr. Stoddart is one of the few veterans of the American stage still left to us, and none of them has a more enviable record. He is seventy years of age and began his dramatic career in Glasgow sixty-five years ago, performing with his father and brother. So that Mr. Stoddart being a Scotchman, and to the manner born, is peculiarly qualified to interpret the character of Lachlan Campbell. It is natural that he should be enthusiastic and feel proud that he has a chance at the end of his days to

crown his career by acting a part which it is said fits him so exactly that he will scarcely need to make up for the piece.



LACHLAN PUTTING THE LAMP IN THE WINDOW (CLOSING INCIDENT OF ACT II.)

The motto of the play is taken from "Kate Carnegie," and has already been quoted—"Love knows neither rank nor creeds." It indicates the double love story of Flora Campbell and Lord Hay, Kate Carnegie and the Rev. John Carmichael. The "doctor of the old school," Weelum Maclure, will of course be one of the prominent figures, and Jamie Soutar "cynic-in ordinary to the Glen" will afford large opportunities for comedy.



JONES' TOOTH

BY HENRY C. LAHEE

"YOU want to know why I gave up the sea? Well, I will tell you the truth. I have never told it to any one before—why I gave up going to sea, I mean."

This was the way Jackson began his story.

"I suppose," he began, after a retrospective minute, "I suppose that most of you fellows have had the toothache at some time or other, but I doubt if any of you know what the toothache can be under favorable conditions.

"There was in our crew a young fellow whom we will know as Jones. Now when he had been at sea for about a month and had at least two months more before we should be in port, Jones developed a toothache. He went to the skipper for toothache drops, and the skipper gave him some stuff which burnt the skin out of his mouth. He shed it in large flakes, and it made his mouth so raw that he was utterly unable to enjoy his salt horse and hard tack.

"In the course of a day or two Jones' face swelled up like one of the cook's duffs—and our cook prided himself on making a duff that would rise like a prayer. Jones decided that the tooth must come out, and turning a deaf ear to the many suggestions of his shipmates, he at last induced the carpenter to have a pull at it with his pincers.

"Supper was hurried up because the sun was low and there was only half an hour or so of daylight left. Jones was laid out on the main hatch, and the carpenter appeared with a pair of pincers big enough to pull the teeth of a rhinoceros. He immediately proceeded to grope for the tooth. In the swollen condition of Jones' face it was difficult to get the pincers into his mouth, but this was eventually accomplished. After groping about for several minutes 'Chips' failed to grasp the offending molar, and only succeeded in bringing out a portion of Jones' cheek.

"The carpenter's failure stimulated ambition in other breasts, and when he swore

that he'd got through and would do no more, the sailmaker eagerly offered his services and the bos'n agreed to help him.

"They got to work promptly at six o'clock, after a hasty meal, and for a good half hour they tried to get the twine round the tooth. They tried with their great fingers, they tried with their sheath knives, and they tried with forks, but they could not get that twine down round the tooth. Finally, as the bos'n was making a last supreme effort with his fore finger, there was a crack, and Jones' jaw sprung out of its socket.

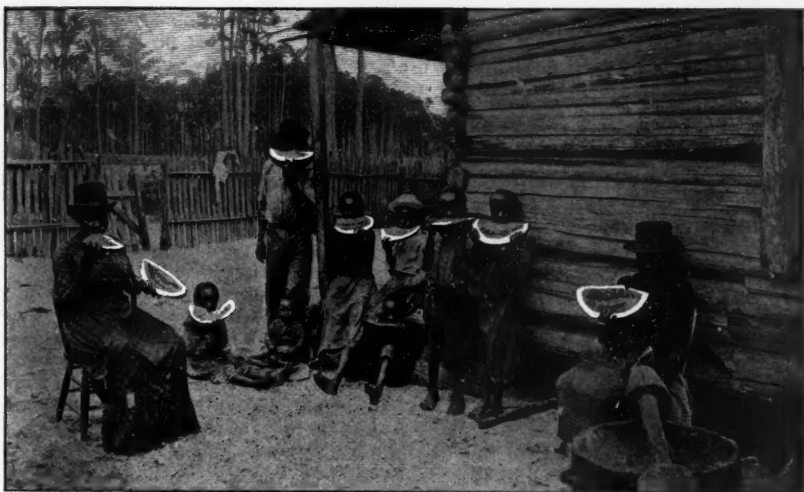
"The bos'n proceeded to persuade the refractory jaw by rubbing it with a fist which was as soft and gentle as a piece of rough spruce board, and in due course the bone returned to its proper position with a sharp click.

"The cook at this moment appeared on the scene and became an interested spectator. 'Ow are yer gettin' on,' said he. 'Lord, man, I could 'a had the bloomin' thing out an hour ago. Let's 'ave a look.'

"Give us a marline spike, bos'n,' he exclaimed.

"This 'ere's a bicussed,' he said, with the air of one who has had experience. Twisting his apron round out of the way he continued: 'Now look out sonny. 'Old yer jaw still and I'll relieve yer in a brace of shakes. Bos'n and sails, you clap on to 'is 'ed and see as that there jaw don't spring out again. Now yer see—I just sticks the p'int o' the marline spike right down there between the roots of the bicussed,' and he jabbed the spike in as indicated, 'and now we give a pry,' and he hove down on the spike, 'and here sne comes!' he exclaimed triumphantly, as an unpleasant crack told of the loosening of the tooth from its hold. 'There now, ain't that a clean job?' he added, as the troublesome tooth clattered down on the deck.

"Jones recovered, but I didn't, and I thought if that is sea-dentistry, the possibilities in other lines are too awful to contemplate, and I decided that the sea was no place for me."



A FEAST IS AS GOOD AS A FORTUNE.

OUR BLACK ARISTOCRACY

BY FREEMAN FURBUSH

IT is something after all to be properly presented to the lords into whose creation you have trespassed. Your lords may be only such by tradition or courtesy, and may moreover be nothing grander than "things of shreds and patches," yet nevertheless as a guest in their particular realm, it would be the becoming thing for you to grant the allegiance which is their due. I very much fear, however, that no such chivalrous consideration is held by the average Northern tourist as he journeys for the first time into Dixie-land and meets on his native threshold that gentleman of the dusky skin, that gentleman who is after all the true and characteristic son of the Southland and the lord of his own creation.

HOW DIXIE-LAND IS REACHED.

If you be a winter tourist your entrance into the black belt and acquaintance with the dwellers of its soil are accomplished in these latter days either by what that compendium of confused information, the railroad guide, pleases to term "The Flight

of the Florida Special," or by what the steamship circulars characterize as "A Voyage Along the Atlantic Coast that Stands Unrivalled." To you of my readers who prefer to eat your oranges in your Northern homes rather than from the trees of some Florida grove, I should add a word of explanation to the above, and say that the "Florida Special," a marvel, by the way, in point of equipment, luxury, speed, and general railway craft, is a train on which you can step any day at noon, say good-bye to New York's snow, sleet and shiver, and twenty-four hours later find yourself bathing in the sunshine and summer of that quaint old city of St. Augustine. Those of you, of course, who can walk the promenade deck of an ocean steamer when she is off Cape Hatteras in a February gale and not show the white flag, I was going to say the white face, instead of taking the overland route, will very naturally indulge in that "voyage that stands unrivalled;" but, my friend, consider well what you are doing. One winter within

the memory of man even I forgot myself, or rather remembered my poverty, and like a modern Ponce de Leon, sailed away for Florida by ship. But I trust I am never twice a fool. May I add that that voyage in history is without a successor. With many of you I dare say it would be different, but you see I am not an old "sea dog." I cannot boast of having been born in the cabin of a fishing smack off the Grand Banks.

YOUR FIRST IMPRESSION.

To return to my subject, I would say that the average traveller catches his first glimpse of the colored gentry either as his boat makes her berth at Charleston, Savannah, or Jacksonville, or from the windows of the "Special" as she speeds into Virginia and on down through the Carolinas, Georgia and into Florida. If one's first impressions are ever correct it is surely in this case. The negro race is not one to sound which it requires any great powers of penetration. Your first estimate is good for all time. When you leave the South you do not think otherwise of these dusky children of the sun than when you entered it. Your "before" impression this time is also your "after" one. The negro stevedore at the Savannah wharves, which you see as your boat steams slowly up the Savannah River, laughing, singing and yelling, as he loads and unloads the cotton, or the old black "uncle" humming and chuckling to him-

self as he drives his "cow-hitch" along the narrow streets of St. Augustine, can both be taken as a very proper and very correct forerunner of the kind of people you will see everywhere throughout our Southern states.

The great majority of tourists to-day who wend their way southward each winter do so by travelling from the Northern cities direct to Florida, and only in the minority of cases visiting the intervening points. One's acquaintance with these intervening points is generally limited to a change of cars, a depot sandwich or two, and a cup of questionable coffee. To most of us then, our introduction to the black race begins only when our "flight" is well over and we find ourselves in the American Riviera.

ST. AUGUSTINE THE MECCA OF THE PLEASURE PILGRIM.

Your first stop in the Florida resort-land is generally at St. Augustine. Years ago Jacksonville used to be the Mecca of the Northern pleasure pilgrim, but since the erection of the Flagler system of palatial hostleries at St. Augustine, the tide of migration has left Jacksonville stranded in many respects, and now sweeps the tourist on its current to the oldest and quaintest city in the United States. You approach this city of the country first built "and last improved" in a somewhat reverential mood. I take it this is due largely to what your respected "school-

marm" and your infallible geography told you about it in the day of your youth. You have always pictured it to be a bit of mediæval Europe that in some unaccountable way got lost in the deal, found itself on this side of the "puddle," and has never quite been able to become Americanized, to boast of World's Fairs, symphony concerts, Bradley-Martin balls and all that sort of thing. Your very fertile imagination has gone reality one better, and you have seen visions in your mind of picturesque vistas, of fountains of youth, of Spanish beauties



HOME, SWEET HOME.

dropping silk handkerchiefs from overhanging balconies, and of the martial tread of arms as some gallant cavalier moves along the narrow streets. Such have been your preconceived notions. Now won't you kindly take my arm and alight with me from the steps of the "Special" into the St. Augustine of to-day.

"Take your grip, sah? What hotel? The Ponce? Yes, sah. Right this way. Look out for that truck, sah. Big crowd? Yes, sah, comin' thick to-day."

This is what greets you almost before both feet have reached the depot platform. Your grip, overcoat, umbrella and a quarter of a dollar leave your possession as expeditiously as if you had no legal right to them. You stand by and say nothing. The thought perhaps enters your head that this very officious, brass-buttoned and visor-capped individual might also like your purse, and you forthwith start to accommodate him when the occasion vanishes.

YOUR FIRST BLACK ACQUAINTANCE.

This, then, is your first introduction to the negro on his native soil, but if you look closely you will notice that the "gentleman" who has you in charge is not, after all, as native perhaps as is the soil. Look again, and the chances are ten to one that you will recognize him as the same fellow who performed a similar act for your benefit last summer at Newport. You see that besides yourself who enjoys a southern migration "there are others." By this time the individual himself is probably aware that the pleasure of meeting you has been his before and a display of his ivories is the result—the loss of another quarter is the result from your standpoint.

Later at the hotel when "front" meets you at the register and shoulders your traps, it is very possible you may recognize another familiar countenance, this time your "boots" at some Northern resort last season. This of course is only a



THE COACH AND FOUR OF DIXIE-LAND.

mere chance, a long shot as it were; but if you are looking for a sure thing just glance twice at the gentleman of the immaculate shirt-front who comes obsequiously up to wait upon you in the dining-room, and if he is not some Joe, George or John that has looked after your digestion before, you may put me out of court as a poor guesser.

Still, these liveried gentlemen, these licensed robbers of your small change are not, after all, the colored gentry you came South to see. They are not the genuine article, as it were. I would have you know that they are in the habit of travelling about quite as much as yourself, spend the proper seasons at the proper resorts, and according to their very emphatic statements, are no more to be classed with the "black trash" of the tropics than a low down mongrel of the gutter with my lady's poodle.

NEGROES AND COTTON, A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Once fairly quartered in St. Augustine, or for that matter, in any typical Southern city, for now we must consider the negro collectively, irrespective of locality, and your acquaintance with your brethren of the swarthy complexion ripens apace. No matter which way you turn you find yourself staring at a pair of white eyeballs and two rows of astonishingly conspicuous teeth. The rest of the picture



A FIFTH AVENUE MANSION OF THE BLACK BELT.

is black. If you chance to be in Augusta or Atlanta, for instance, in the fall, when the cotton season is at its height, you can count on seeing Dixie-land in its most correct attire. It is negroes, negroes everywhere, negroes and cotton, black and white, the strongest of all contrasts. Your scope of vision seems only to be filled with an endless procession of rickety old donkey-drays piled high with steel-bound bales of cotton and driven by as ragged an aggregation of white-speck covered darkies as the sun ever shone on. And the rapid and reckless manner in which those mule drays race around the corners is a solemn warning to careless pedestrians. You might say that you never supposed the mule could travel at anything like such a Pegasus speed, but that would be because you never saw the Southern mule and the black-Jehu combination. Believe me, if there is anything of good report in any of those long-eared, simple looking creatures, a darkey can get it out. The white man has never learned the donkey's secret.

LIFE A COMIC OPERA TO THE DARKEY.

To see the Southern darkey with his feet well planted in his native earth and his countenance well warmed by the sun which is all in all to him, is something which we over-civilized, cold-blooded Northerners would do well to regard as a very inspiring sight. His incessant merriment, his good natured noise and fuss over the work he has in hand, his spontaneous jollity, and his overflowing sense of the good things in life, are all admirably well calculated to make the careworn tourist ashamed of his pessimism. To the negro the sun is always shining, the sky is always blue, and the world always in her kindest mood. Care-free, fancy-free, he takes the rulings of fortune just as they are issued, and not only makes the best of them, but betters them.

This really remarkable tendency to find only sunshine in the world is all the more significant when one stops to consider the level on which the negro lives his life. For a home he can boast of nothing more than the most disreputable box of a cabin,

seemingly constructed with a view to having the cracks predominate and with a roof of matted grass and mud that affords but scant protection from the elements. Of a dollar bill he knows scarce nothing and of what we deem the bare necessities of life, still less. With a few things to eat and still fewer to wear, he exists to-day, even at the close of this nineteenth century, in what is neither more nor less than a semi-barbaric condition, and yet out of this mundane sphere I wager he gets more real happiness than either you or I.

THE PROSPECT OF BETTERMENT.

It is not my purpose in the above paragraph to leave with the reader the impression that the condition of the negro in the South is utterly without promise of betterment or future amelioration. This is far from being the fact. Of late years a vast amount of Northern capital has been invested in this region which is resulting directly and indirectly to the extreme benefit of the black race. This has been especially true of the west coast of Florida where Mr. H. B. Plant, as the controlling spirit of that great system which bears his name, has spent millions of dollars in opening up the land for agricultural purposes, and in making the rich resources of the coun-

try available for the support of the negro and the white man alike. There is no question of course but that Florida and the South generally is a region of plenty, but it requires capital to exploit it, and Mr. Plant has furnished this with such a marked display of generosity and fairmindedness that a vast deal of the improvement which of late years has char-



BORN TIRED AND BEYOND THE REACH OF ANYBODY'S
SARSAPARILLA.

acterized the condition of the natives has been due directly to his individual efforts.

THE NEGRO'S GAMBLING PROPENSITIES.

A characteristic which impresses itself early upon you in your acquaintance with the black race is their proclivity to gamble. It is a universal habit bred deep and dense in the bone. Just as soon as your atom of a piccaninny is big enough to do anything he is big enough to "shoot craps." From that time on this acquirement with certain traditional propensities



SHINE 'EM UP, SAR.

for such things as watermelons, razors and chickens, is to the darkey's life "not a thing apart, but his whole existence." "Come seben, come eleben," terms used in crap-shooting, or dice-throwing, as we should call it, are the words that predominate his days here below, and will, for aught we know, those above. An out-and-out negro will gamble on anything and for anything. He woos Dame Fortune at all times and in all places. Of

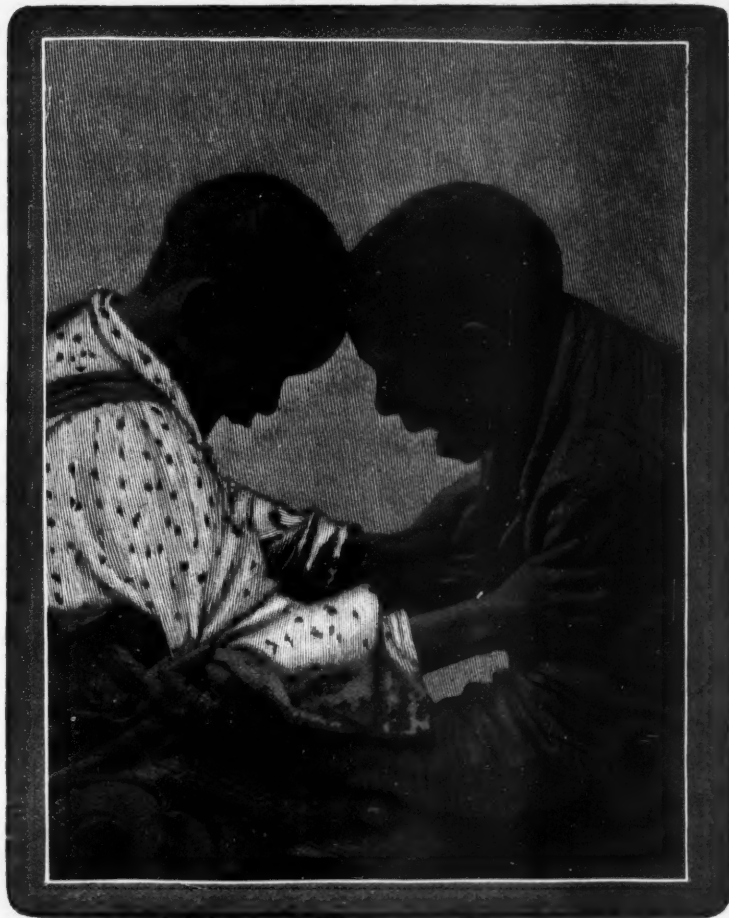
course, like his wayward white brethren, his really serious and heavy gambling is done behind barred doors, in "joints" where a respectable pale face takes his life in his hands on entering; but ordinarily when his stake ranges around the value of a postage stamp or less, he pursues his sport "in the open." In all his betting the negro is governed absolutely by his belief in signs and omens, for a darkey is nothing if not superstitious.

An amusement that finds much favor with the Southern tourist is the tossing from the hotel verandas or from the sidewalk of a handful of pennies to a flock of ragged, bare-footed, toe-wiggling black urchins who seem always to be on hand when the occasion requires. Instantly the coppers strike the ground the whole bunch of George Washingtons and Andrew Jacksons lose their separate identities and resolve themselves into one concrete, struggling tangle of black arms and legs, only to emerge from the fracas when the last coin has been seized, with mouths wide open and with faces shining with perspiration. Or, if you want still more fun of the same variety, drop your pennies into a pan of molasses and see those woolly-headed pates plunge into the substance and appear in sight again with ears, eyes, nose and mouth dripping with the congealed sweetness. The scattering broadcast of pennies in any form is always the surest medium through which to reach the urchin's heart, and to give you, moreover, respectable standing with the black community.

"Clar to gracious, honey," you will hear some old black "auntie" say, "de way de white folks come troopin' to yo' ve'y cabin fer to frow de pennies to de piccanninies am a plum' sight."

In the South you know you must call all your old black acquaintances "auntie," or if they be of the male persuasion, "uncle." There is absolutely no deviation from this rule. It puts you at once on a hospitable basis with them. It is, in fact, the one touch of nature that makes your world and theirs akin. With the younger gentry you will notice the great prevalence of double names, Jo Will, John Sam or John Tecumseh, whatever combination of sobriquets the good black mammy saw fit to burden her offspring with on his advent into this unfriendly world.

Of the things that yield the greatest designs, omens and superstitions. Of light in his life I suppose the negro places course there will occasionally cross your sleeping in the sun as being very near the path some ultra civilized and up-to-date top of the list. It is a habit that illustrious black gentleman who rather boasts of trates better than anything else how close having outgrown intellectually these ab-to nature and how much a child of the soil and illusions of his race and will put to



WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK. TWO-BUTTON KIDS.

the negro after all really is. This kinship with the lower order of being is shown still more clearly by the unchallenged sway which superstition and spirit lore holds over the life of the darkey. His every act and purpose is governed by his unswerving belief in his special code of

scorn the pretended and potent charm of a rabbit's foot caught in a graveyard at the dead of night; but of this gentleman beware, he assumes what he has not. Strictly speaking, the negro of to-day is as much under the influence of the demons of the unseen world as he ever was.

THE WATERMELON NIGHTMARE.

One might mention still other propensities of our black aristocracy. A word will perhaps be sufficient for each. Of



THE ADVANTAGE OF A GOOD UNDER-
STANDING.

the watermelon nightmare I need only quote the following verse, which appeared some years ago in a Southern newspaper to show how that emblem of sweetness is regarded by its greatest worshipper.

DE WATERMILLIN.

"Oh, de gloyus watermillin, it hab come,
Bring out de fife, boys, fetch out de drum,
An' less gin er sar'nade to dis old frien'
Dat sorter makes brudders outen all nigger men.

Yer may talk er 'bout de eaten' dat de
great men take—

Talk er bout de 'lasses, de honey and de
cake—

Yer may talk er 'bout it all, but den
whut's de use?

Fer der ain't nuthin' sweeter den de
watermillin juice.

Oh, good John de Baptist eat up de locus'
Fur on dat grub he had drawed down er
focus,

But I'll bet yer my hat dat he'd been
mighty willin'

Ter turn loose de bug an' grab de water-
millin.

Oh, bacon it am fine, an' de hoe cake
mighty good,

De stuff de pusson wants when he haster
chop de wood.

But when he takes de happiness o' settin'
in de shade

De millin am de best chuck dat ever waz
made."

If you want to see a black skin in his element, just get him for a paltry consideration to shuffle off a "hoe-down" for you, or astonish your optics with the performance of what is known in lingo as the "Mobile Buck." Be audacious and press him further if you like for a pass into a real out-and-out cake-walk where you can witness the "dressed-to-kill" feminine portion, and the high stepping dandies decked out to eclipse even Solomon in all his glory. Believe me, nothing in the spectacular line can quite equal one of these darktown "rag outs."

AS THE CHILDREN OF SONG.

The darkey as a musician is not a consideration that deserves to be overlooked. In the first place his whistling capacity is marvellous, to be classed in the same order as the steam engine's. High above the traffic's din in Southern cities you can hear his shrill notes sounding out his rendition of some native ditty. As a singer he is first and last in the front rank. It is just as necessary for him to relieve himself by shouting and singing at his labor as it is for him to breathe. If Carlyle knew what he was about when he wrote that line "Oh, give me the man who sings at his work," he would have asked for a darkey. Along the narrow and picturesque streets of St. Augustine, across which you can shake hands and over which are those quaint reminders of Spanish days, the overhanging balconies laden with flowers, you will meet every



OH, BLISSFUL HOUR!

few steps some old specimen of your dusky race "lopin'" along and murmuring spasmodically, under his breath, some

familiar tune about "I ain't got long to stay here," or "I'm a rollin', I'm a rollin', I'm a rollin' through an unfriendly world."

At evening fall when the day's work is done and the soft Southern twilight fades away into a still softer Southern night, you can hear the "plang-plang" of the banjo in some old cabin home away from the road where a group of these children of song are yielding up their hosannas, and you wonder if, after all, it is not something like this that is the real *sum-mum bonum* of life. Or perhaps you can hear a flock of black gamins, strolling "jugger bands," that make night hideous with such music as you would expect to come from brown clay jugs, empty beer bottles and broken harmonicas. But it is all for one purpose, happiness. Deprive the race of that and your negro question only assumes the larger propositions.

THE PASSING AWAY OF THE OLD TIME
NEGRO.

A last observation which is pretty apt to force itself upon the tourist in his glimpse of the Southland is the passing away of the old-fashioned negro. It is the saddest observation of all. The old darkey of the *ne plus ultra* of the antebellum days is now a fast diminishing

quantity. Occasionally, however, you see one, a mere ghost of his former self, who with bent form and wrinkled face shambles along the by-ways shouting the cries of his now humble trade, "Hyar yo' blackfish, Hyar yo' mullet." Or it may be some old Aunt Liza that you see, colored like a chocolate cream, as she hitches along the thoroughfare "totin'" on her head the straw basket filled with bunches of green grass that forms the commodity of her trade. These are the old "niggers" who have seen the South in its most flourishing days, in the days when the Southern aristocracy was supreme, and there was a touch of romance and royalty in the air. Like as not the old "uncle" who just passed you with his feeble gait, his dim eye and his garments of rags was once the proud coachman of some imperial mansion where "ole massa and ole missus" lived in regal splendor and dispensed their hospitality to the cavaliers of the Confederacy. Those were the days when old "auntie" and "uncle" were in their prime, and their one happiness today is to gather the little piccaninnies around them at the cabin door, when the Southern moon is brightest in the heavens, and tell them just how the "quality folks" used to live "befo' de war."





A CUPID ENIGMA.

I.

AS far as personal letters go, Sunday was made for "writing-day," all the world over. And that special Sunday, Kenneth Duncan had done his full duty to mankind.

As a matter of fact, though, each of the four finished epistles was to a woman-kind.

But they were perfectly harmless—both the letters and the women.

The first was to his grandmother. It was stiff, stilted and stupid. The second was to his mother. It was snippy in quantity, but it began with the respectful tenderness of "My dear Lambkin Puss-cat," and ended affectionately. The third was to his "little sister"—age twenty-seven. It was a *scorch* on the subject of *girls* reading a certain "most objectionable" novel, which she had skimmed, and he poured over till midnight. The fourth was to his chum-cousin, Sue. It was atrociously written, misspelled, "chuck full" of slang, and decidedly clever.

Kenneth swung back from his desk, for he had been writing in his office, and silently consulted space for the next ten minutes.

Then a sudden look of determination came over his face.

He turned back again, got out a fresh blotter, put in a new pen, threw away a half-smoked cigar, took off his hat and laid it down—as if he had just come into the presence of a lady. Then, with great deliberation and infinite care he wrote a fifth letter. This, also, was to a woman.

But the fifth woman was not a relation.

II.

Do you know how long it is between the day an answer to a letter is expected, and the day it actually can arrive? If you have never found out, don't look up at the little ticking clock on the mantel,

but listen to the heart beats of the truer time-piece within your breast.

It came at last. There were only two letters in Duncan's mail that day, one from Sue, and—Hers.

He opened it with trembling heart and hand, and yet he had hopeful expectations withal.

Suddenly he sat stock-still, stupefied—insulted. She had returned his letter. There it lay upon his knee, his death-warrant, in his own hand-writing.

Then the sheets slipped apart, and a little note fluttered out and fell upon the floor. It was a straw of hope, but a very short, little straw. It read:

"Dear Mr. Duncan,—

"I received the enclosed yesterday. With my usual careless, reckless haste, I dashed into the heart of the fray without so much as a glance at the date or ascription. I read two pages, and, although it was decidedly different from your usual style, it never dawned on me there was a mistake until I came to a sentence that positively wouldn't 'fit.' Then I looked back, and you can imagine my horror—no, you can't imagine it at all—when I found it began: 'My Dear old Sue.' Believe me I didn't read another word, and you must pardon me for my first innocent wickedness.

"I'm so sorry I can't write you a lecture on absent mindedness, etc., etc., but I am going to a *matinée* and must away.

"Very sincerely, your *misdirected* friend,
"Alice Sumberland."

For a moment the air was blue with profanations against "an unmitigated ass," and then a flame of fire mounted up to his forehead. Had Sue rushed into the heart of the fray, too? Did she know his sacred secret? He hastily tore open her envelope, and then he was filled with furious contempt. Had women no honor!

His cousin had not returned his letter. How *dared* she keep it; how *dared* she

trifle with him in such a serious matter; how *dared* she. Sue's words were searing his very soul.

"My dear Friend,—

"You see I am beginning my letter as you began mine—as you never began one of mine before. But the whole letter was so different. I could scarcely believe at first that you were you. Oh Kenneth, how little I have really known you! To think I never guessed that beneath your teasing lightness there lay such a depth of tenderness. Forgive me.

"My dear, deluded old man, there is no 'sunshine' in my hair, it is plain, ugly red; and my eyes are green, dear, not 'forget-me-nots of blue,' yet I am silly enough to like your thinking so. The verses were so sweet, and I feel sure were just written for me.

"Yes, my *friend*, I will confess it now, I love you, have loved you for years.

"But I never dreamt you cared for me that way. You never led me to suppose it from look or word or action. I am so very proud, and I never meant any one to know—not even when I died. For Kenneth, it was gradually killing me. I am almost ashamed of that even now, it seems so weak and theatrical, but I simply could not live without you, struggle as I would, and I have struggled, fought desperately hard to be unselfish and strong. But that is all passed. Perfect happiness has already transformed me, and don't worry, dear, there is no danger of my dying now. I have told Motherdee how much we care for each other, and she is so sweet and dear about it. She is expecting to hear from you, herself, very soon.

"I will write you again to-morrow. I can do nothing but dream just now.

"Yours always,

"Sue."

What did Kenneth Duncan do? What would you have done had you been he?

K. S. Brown.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN WHO WENT TO SEE THE MOON.

NO one knew whence he came or whither he went, when the crowds had vanished or when clouds overspread the sky; but each evening they saw him come at dusk to the street cor-

ner and screw the tarnished old telescope onto its tripod, aiming it at the moon or Saturn, and, standing thereafter paternally beside it, calling out in his cheery voice: "We're going to see the moon! We're all going to see the moon!"

It was Pablo Sanchez the gambler, who, standing day and night Argus-eyed on street corners looking out over the moving seas of humanity for some rich galleon from the country for himself and crew to prey upon, who led me one moonless night down many foul smelling dim alleyways, and showed me the little old man climbing the stairway of a tall, silent building with his telescope box under his arm.

"It is my own belief," said Pablo with a half credulous smile, "that he climbs those stairs to the moon."

As we strung down the alley through the dark I saw one window of the rickety old building shining high up against the sky, and Pablo, looking too, we agreed that after all, the little old man had not gone to the moon.

Perhaps it was three moons later when I came back from the tropics, I met Pablo on the street corner as usual.

"Our little old friend with the telescope has gone," he said.

"Gone!" I echoed; "where?"

Pablo jerked his finger grimly over his shoulder to where the moon, big and round, was cut in half by a spire. "Perhaps, really," he said.

There were few galleons cruising that night and Pablo proposed we might walk down there just to see.

It was a dark, foul smelling climb, and could see a thin line of moonlight where the buildings touched the sky, and far off we could see the moonlight lying white and heavy on many roofs. There were lights here and there among the windows, high up and low down, but when we looked up to where we had seen the glimmer that night, it was all dark.

"Come," said Pablo, "let us go up. It matters not now that we have come so far. Perhaps an adventure!"

It was a dark, foul smelling climb, and save for the scamper of rats there was not a living thing in all that black, mysterious house. High up against the roof Pablo pushed open a door saying, "It must be here."

I was about striking a match when Pablo said, "Wait! the moon is just rising over that chimney opposite. We will have moonlight presently and it will be finer."

I put the match back in the safe, thinking what a sense Pablo had of the artistic.

It was an eerie feeling to stand there in the door waiting for the moon to come in and light the way to—what?

"He is not here," said Pablo gravely; "or else he—" Pablo hesitated a moment, then added, "Or else he has gone to see the moon."

Pablo leaned aside in the room so as to look through the single window, then said: "Ah! here it is now;" and as he spoke I saw the moon come up over a black wall opposite, and presently the room was filled with moonlight. In the silvery blue mist that now pervaded the place we saw the telescope case lying on the table. The moon had not yet climbed higher than the window sill so that the table was still in shadow, but as Pablo approached and laid his hand on the telescope I saw him start and shudder. "My feet have struck something soft," said Pablo; "let us wait till the moon is higher."

It was not long before the moon was looking under the table and there, as we had expected, lay the Little Old Man with a smile on his face, the first we had ever seen there.

Pablo looked out of the window. "The man in the moon is more distinct tonight than I have ever seen him," said Pablo superstitiously; "for my part I believe this little old man has his wish."

Never tell me a gambler may not have a soft heart and a fitting sense of the romantic. It was Pablo's share of galleon plunder which paid for the little funeral which wound out to the cemetery next day—he would not have it otherwise; it was Pablo's money which paid for the tomb, and it was Pablo's discernment and sense of the befitting which selected a burial place for the Little Old Man with many mausoleums to the east and west, so that no trees might ever be planted in the future to keep the moon from shining on the old man's grave.

Henry Rightor.

"SCRAPS."

SCRAPS was my sister's dog. He was a small dog with a very large bushy tail, and long hairy ears. He arrived the day before the Fourth of July. I think it was the third, if I am not mistaken. He had come one hundred and thirty miles by express in a flat box. The box was so flat that Scraps was obliged to lie down all the way, and when we took him out his rear legs had acquired a sort of tired feeling. He never stood up as a well bred dog should, after that journey. He seemed to have a perpetual desire to sit down. Even in his gayest moments when his fore legs would be merrily dashing down the street, his rear legs would suddenly sit down and rest. It was very annoying to him. It was a nuisance when he wanted to go up-stairs and, having started with his fore-part, to find that his rearward quarters wanted to lie down and go to sleep on the first step. He would often look at his rear legs reproachfully and sadly, and I think he felt considerably hurt about them. They offended his dignity. It was demoralizing when he would start to chase a cat with a merry bark and a bound of joy to have his rear legs lag along as if it was no affair of theirs. And in going down a flight of steps the legs were annoying. Scraps would start bravely with a little jump and then his rear legs would miss the connection and do some lofty tumbling. He would come down "bump! bump! bump!" and as he struck each step he would look at his rear legs sadly and shake his head, and when he fell in a bunch at the bottom he would sit up and sigh.

They were no good at all for scratching, either. A flea would perch on his ear and bite, and one rear leg would try to scratch. It would make a few passes in the air, and the flea would laugh merrily and guy it a little and bite again. Then the other rear leg would wiggle aimlessly in the air and the flea would nearly burst laughing and say something disrespectful about "not coming to scratch," and Scraps would put his tail between his legs and crawl under the porch.

At last it became too much for him and worked on his mind. He became very sober, and seemed to take no pleasure in life. He went about doggedly and morose

as though he had been reading Nordau, and one day he went out and got in front of a street-car. We buried him in two places, for we felt sure his front part would be grateful for a long separation from its disgraceful other half. That was the end of Scraps. Both ends, in fact.

Ellis Parker Butler.

HER ONLY FAULT.

SHE can ride a bike, and sail a yacht,
Or "stroke" an eight oared crew;
She can "tool" a drag, or play baseball,

And "golf" the whole day through;
She can sing, and play, and act, and dance,

Or talk on abstruse themes;
She can sketch and paint, and knit and sew,

And hem all kinds of seams;
She can bake, and boll, and roast, and fry,

Or sweep and dust a house,
She can "cut" and "fit," and trim rich hats,

(And minds not rat nor mouse)
She's as pretty as a garden rose,
Her eyes are dreamy brown,
Her figure's trim, her carriage chaste,
Her name of old renown,
Her father's rich, her mother too,
She's an heiress passing great,
Her age is but a ripe eighteen—
What more need I relate?

And yet:—

This maiden of so many charms,

And graces fair to see;

Has one huge fault which mars the whole,

—She will say "No" to me.

Percie W. Hart.

JONES' TWINS.

I am a man of family, but I am absolutely unfamiliar with the etiquette of twins. That is the reason I am pondering.

Now Jones in our town has twins and he is a pretty good sort of a fellow withal. He is our family grocer and I have little fault to find with him. When I buy sand of Jones he puts less sugar with it than any other grocer I have ever dealt with. That is saying a good deal.

There seems to be but one great mistake in the intellectual architecture that

Jones carries around with him, and that is a propensity to begin the religious training of his offspring too early. Why, his twins are not yet four months old, and he makes them go to church regularly! Moreover, he won't permit them to go to sleep during the sermon. Of course he is entirely right about that. We should none of us sleep during the sermon. It does seem to me that he uses peculiar methods however.

To be particular, Jones always comes in late carrying an equal portion of the gemini on each arm. They are quite awake and every one knows it. From either of the side pockets in his coat there dangles the long tube of a nursing bottle. My wife says that such nursing bottles are old-fashioned and criticises him severely on this point. Still as I happen to know that she is always mistaken about everything upon which she disagrees with me, I will not lay that up against him.

Jones' wife comes proudly along after him in a fun-de-siclé new woman style, as though it was her possession and not his, and with her she brings a baby carriage and a blanket. Jones takes the blanket and puts it on the floor of the aisle folded so as to make a miniature twenty-four foot ring. Then he puts the contestants on the blanket and lets them scrap. Whenever he does that, I always think of old newspaper days in New York and mutter, "Shake hands gentlemen. First round. Time!"

I will say this, however, for Jones' twins. Whichever happens to get knocked out he always dies game. It is only then that Jones separates them. Then he grabs them, puts them in the baby carriage, and wheels them up and down the aisle while our horrified pastor struggles for his fleeting climax. But this brings me to the great fault I have to find with Jones. He never oils his baby carriage and it squeaks terribly.

Now the question I want to ask is this: Is Jones acting properly? If I am ever the happy father of twins must I go and do likewise? I'll confess I'm not on to the etiquette of the situation; but etiquette or no etiquette I'll assure you of one thing. If I ever have to do as Jones does I'll keep our baby carriage oiled.

Tom Hall.

HIC JACET!

Poor Annie Jones (God rest her bones!)
Is dead and gone to Heaven.
We trust her sad propensity—
She lied—may be forgiven.

She lied to all, both great and small,
And put them in a rage,
Because (what seemed most criminal)
She lied about her age.

Her neighbors said, "Now Ann is dead,
If she has gone up higher,
The ruling passion strong in death,
She'll want to play the lyre!"

Read—ye who laugh—her epitaph,
And own the sexton's skill:—

(THE EPITAPH)

A woman of uncertain age,

ANN JONES,

Here LIETH STILL!

Winwood Waite.

HIS LITTLE JOKE.

THE cat lay asleep by the grate, a picture of grey content, and grandma was asleep in her chair, nodding slightly, and at each nod her gold-rimmed spectacles slid a little farther down her nose. When they reached the tip of her nose and fell into her lap she usually awoke and put them on again, only to go through the same process of nodding and slipping.

Grandma was a sweet faced old lady, gentle and kind, and merry hearted as a child, and so old that she was in truth a child again.

Grandpa sat at the other side of the fire, and when his eyes fell on the cat a little gleam of wicked fun sparkled under his glasses. The comfortable cat recalled a time, many years before, when he and grandma were children. She had been a golden haired lassie, with fair blue eyes, and as sweet, but no sweeter, than she was now, and her greatest treasure was just such a lazy grey cat as this by the fire. In those days grandpa was a rollicking boy, brown haired and roughly happy, and the first day he met grandma he had made her prettily angry by playing a very rude trick on the cat. That was sixty, no seventy, years ago if it was a day, and since that day he and grandma had found

their lives interwoven, and sweeter or gentler lives were never lived. They had grown old together without a harsh word, and the love that had first drawn them together had easily weathered the calm years.

But to-day the wind was in the south, and grandpa's rheumatism was dormant, and he felt quite frisky. At dinner he had declared he felt quite a boy again, and he even sneaked up behind grandma's chair and stole a kiss. Oh, I tell you these old fellows are terrors, in spite of their years, and there is no telling what they will be up to.

As he looked first at the old lady and then at the old cat, he chuckled, and that chuckle boded ill for the peace of the poor tabby.

The old rascal slowly arose from his chair, and with the help of his cane (for he was so wonderfully much of a boy again that he had to use a cane), he hobbled over to the cat. As he approached the cat lifted her head a little, yawned sleepily and stretched out her paws as if to say she had had a jolly good nap. But as grandpa bent to lift her she arose, and humping her back, rubbed affectionately against his shins.

It was quite a job for the old man who felt quite like a boy to lean over and secure the cat, but he managed to do it without falling quite in the fire, and with tabby snugly under his arm he hobbled from the room, pausing at the door to take a last look at the dear old lady, who was still asleep and quite oblivious of the wretched trick that was about to be played on the cat.

As grandpa went about his work of fixing the cat, he chuckled a great deal. It was very funny, this trick he meditated. Or each of pussy's paws he tied a shoe of paper, and he formed a fine gown of paper for her, which he fastened about her neck with a string. Then on her tall he tied an empty spool. What was it he had used for this posterior decoration before? He tried to remember, but he could not. Certainly it was not a spool, but a spool would do as well.

When the job was completed he sat down and laughed. It was such a clever joke. The cat did not think so, but that did not matter. Grandpa chuckled as he thought how surprised grandma would

be. Perhaps she would be angry as she had been seventy years ago. If she was he would calm her as he had calmed her then. It was easy enough. He remembered exactly how he had put one arm around her neck when he kissed her, and how her golden hair had fallen softly on his cheek. Seventy years ago!

Then his mind wandered to the later years, and his chuckle relapsed into a smile of happiness as he thought of all the years she had been his sweet, faithful wife. Not a day of anger in all those many years. There had been sorrow, when little Edward died, but no cruel misunderstandings.

Then he chuckled wickedly again, for the cat was vainly trying to detach the spool from her tail. He took her under his arm and opening the door he dropped her quietly in the room where grandma sat sleeping.

The cat made a couple of startled bounds, and then began a wild dance of surprise. Grandpa left the door a trifle ajar so that he could see it all, and as pussy went through a series of impromptu gymnastics he chuckled gleefully. She rolled over and over, pawed the air, ran in circles, and bit at her booted paws. It was all very comical. To see the sober and sedate old cat disporting like a giddy kitten would have made any one chuckle. How angry grandma would be!

Now the cat tumbled its way to her very feet, and grandpa cautiously entered the room. It was too funny! Never did a cat cut such remarkable antics, as did tabby in her garb of paper, and when at last she jumped lightly into grandma's lap, as if she knew that there at least she would find relief, the old man could hardly restrain his laughter.

But the grey haired old lady took no notice of the cat. With her head bent on her breast she continued to sleep, and the old man hobbled to her. He touched her hair with his hand, and still she did not look up.

And slowly the smile died on his lips and the light died in his eyes, as he bent lower and lower to gaze into her face. And the cat in all her grotesque trappings looked up into her face, too, and both knew that she was asleep forever.

Ellis Parker Butler.

A COMPLAINT.

THIS is headed "A Complaint," but in plain, every-day English, it is a "Kick." Bicycles don't kick, which is one reason, I suppose, why their riders do—to make up for their lack of equine habits.

At present I am kicking against the sky. That is a pretty high kick, but I am equal to it. The fact of the matter is, there is something the matter with our sky. It has got into the habit of lying fearfully. Either that or the angels who push clouds in our locality are down on us. Perhaps that's it. Even the rain gets down on us every two or three days.

The way our sky skylarks is simply outrageous. In fact, it is a sky terrier. Let me illustrate some of its tricks. We plan, for instance, to make a trip on our wheels on the morrow. The morrow comes and there is that sky with its mackintosh and rubbers on and a grey umbrella over its head all ready for a rain. The lightning flashes, the thunder growls—and of course we give up our projected trip, and stay at home and get even by being cross to our wives and children. We get so mad we would even be cross to the servant girls if we weren't afraid they would leave. But does it rain? Not on your Rembrandt. It is simply deliciously cool and shady all day, just the day for a good ride.

But suppose that mendacious sky is clear in the morning, a wide expanse of cerulean blue, such as you read about in books, a great blue eye with a wicked twinkle in it, but not a cloud to be seen from one horizon to the other (or is it all one horizon?) Then, of course, we start on our ride with a bright smile on our face and a proud heart in our bosom. And then, when we are twenty miles from home, ascending a steep hill three miles long on a road made of soft clay, up come the clouds, down comes the rain and "d—n" slips out of our vocabulary before we have time to lock it up.

We are taking up a subscription for a new sky, now. We are going to dig the old sky out in chunks with snow shovels, dump it into the ocean and buy a brand new rain proof sky from sunny Italy and hire a gang of Italian angels to run it.

Tom Hall.

CLUB WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazer.

A NOTABLE CLUB ENTERPRISE.

DURING the past decade Women's Clubs have become a formidable factor in not only educational and charitable work, but in solving the stern and practical questions of the day. The civilization of any country is determined largely by the direct and actual influence of its women. It is not idle chivalry to say that no nation in the history of the world has attained such a degree of perfection in this respect as our own United States. Our women have become something more than toys and idle ornaments. The field of occupations for women has expanded with the development of Women's Clubs. Where thirty years ago there were less than eighty trades and professions open for women and less than eighty thousand engaged in earning their own livelihood, there are now over three hundred occupations open to them, and over four hundred thousand bread winners. This has eliminated to a large extent the dread of poverty, and this always retards the tendency to crime and corruption.

As a specific and practical expression of the permanence of Women's Clubs in various fields, the fact that these organizations have successfully handled business enterprises is most significant. They are making their clubs self-supporting, instead of dependent upon charity, and in this have gained the experience and self-reliance so essential to any success in these days. The Women's Clubs in a number of large cities have already built handsome club houses, and have proven equal to every emergency. In doing this they have gotten at the very root of the woman question.

There is widespread interest throughout the country in the magnificent Women's Club building to be erected in Boston. It

goes a step farther in its scope than the others. The plan is to make it the "home" or headquarters of all women club workers whether educational, charitable or social. There are twenty thousand club women alone in Massachusetts, and in their annual meetings and general and state meetings they are compelled to seek quarters that do not comport with the general purpose of their work. In other words they have no "home" or rallying point. Nearly all organizations of any importance own their own buildings—it is not a matter of choice but of necessity. In order to do effective work there must be a centralization of forces. The demand exists for central and adequate quarters.

The Woman's Club House Corporation is not a club, but a business organization, formed for the purpose of furnishing a suitable building, at the same time elegant and improved in every detail, for the accommodation, permanent or temporary, of Women's Clubs throughout the city and the State. It is the purpose also to construct a building which will earn, through its patrons, a good return to the stockholders. The site will be such that an increased value will be assured, and the cost of the building and grounds will likely be in the neighborhood of \$250,000.

A RENDEZVOUS FOR CLUBS.

One important feature of the building will be the large assembly hall, capable of seating eight hundred or one thousand people, also reception room for small club receptions and meetings, each connected with convenient cloak and toilet rooms. The lighting, ventilation, and acoustic properties will be the most modern and perfect to be obtained. A memorial hall has been suggested; and what more fitting spot could be chosen than this for

memorials of illustrious women? Also on this floor are public reception room and writing room, office with safe, and house committee room. In other words, the plan places the different clubs in a position to conduct their work according to modern business methods.

STREET FLOOR AND RESTAURANT.

There will be on the street floor a fine central entrance to the entire building. The principal area will be devoted to light, commodious stores. The site selected will be sufficiently central and desirable to be convenient for the club meetings; and to bring high rentals for these stores. Spacious elevators, both for passengers and freight, will be provided. Another floor will be devoted to restaurant, banquet room, small dining room, kitchen, pantry, and serving room; also general reception room and tea room. They have not forgotten in this the high ideals of women in developing the highest and best in the way of producing home comforts.

A HOME IN EVERY WAY.

Two floors will be used for sleeping rooms for the accommodation of those who may prefer to seek quarters and attendants provided by their own sex. It will be the aim to make these quarters more desirable than a public hotel for women unattended by gentlemen. Such applicants will have the free use of one of the parlors and writing rooms. Private bath rooms will be convenient to these rooms. It is hoped that not only the physical comforts will be supplied, but that there will be a social and intellectual gain from meeting many of the prominent women of the State.

A ROOF GARDEN.

If desired, a roof garden will complete the structure. Here will be found a veritable out-of-door garden and tea-tables, with convenient seats and stand for orchestra. Connection with the kitchen and serving room will be made, so that tea, ices, and light refreshments may be satisfactorily served. The garden may be engaged by any club wishing to give a roof garden tea. When not rented, the entrance to the garden will be free to occupants of the building.

As a business investment the project has scarcely an equal. Every woman in Massachusetts should be a stockholder in this enterprise. It gives a feeling of hominess when entering the building.

The organization was incorporated February 1, 1896, under the 106th chapter of the Public Statutes of Massachusetts. The first money for stock was paid in on December 21, 1896. The sum already subscribed is \$12,000. The shares are \$50 each, non-assessable. Under the statute of incorporation, stockholders shall not be subject to any personal liability.

This building will be supported and managed as other buildings are which pay good returns to the stockholders.

All subscriptions should be sent to the treasurer, Miss A. M. Lougee, 65 Franklin Street, Boston. The money, as fast as received, will be deposited with the Massachusetts Loan and Trust Company, 60 State Street, Boston, who act as bankers for the corporation. Any further information can be obtained by applying to any of the directors.

QUARTERS PROVIDED FOR WOMEN'S CLUBS.

One or two floors will be for rental for club purposes. Separate small club quarters will here be arranged, adapted to the needs of each and every club wishing permanent city quarters. Temporary quarters will also be furnished for distant clubs at times when the federation and large meetings call delegates to Boston. Here will be found smaller halls. Every need of every club will be studied. Large organizations could secure an entire floor, if necessary, and be as well accommodated as in a building of their own.

The perusal of the Directorate is in itself enough to warrant the success of the project.

THE DIRECTORATE.

President, Mrs. Isabella A. Potter of Brookline; vice-presidents, Mrs. T. S. Leighton and Dr. Sarah S. Winsor; treasurer, Miss A. M. Lougee; clerk, Miss Florence Everett; directors, Mrs. A. N. Blodgett, Miss J. W. Chapman, Mrs. S. B. Crane, Mrs. E. S. Converse, Miss M. O. Hill, Dr. Baker-Flint, Mrs. L. G. Kendall, Mrs. John Wales, Mrs. A. D. West and Miss Helen M. Winslow.

These ladies are making an earnest and determined effort to have the building

ready for occupancy as early as possible, and its erection marks an important step forward in the era of Women's Clubs.

SOME particularly pleasant letters come to the Club Department that prove an active interest in the work of the various organizations. The corresponding secretary of the Grand Rapids, Michigan, "Igdsasil Club," after a cordial greeting, says personally, relative to their idea in the club work, "Our great aim is to be helpful to one another and the world at large, and we are also imbued with the idea that *progress* is essential in all lives. We are doing something along the line of philanthropy and find it does us much good, as well as those to whom we minister."

The officers of the club are Mrs. George Ames, president; Mrs. Belle Davis, vice-president; Mrs. George Klyn, recording secretary; Mrs. Eugenia Fleming, treasurer, and Miss Margaret E. Calkins, corresponding secretary.

The club has a unique plan for work this year. Four days are devoted to a careful review of United States history, there is one day devoted to a consideration of birds; one to a review of old English writers; one to Scotch writers and poets; one devoted to Grecian writers, heroes and sculptors; a day with the Brownings; a Shakespeare day, and several others devoted to American writers, to book reviews, social science and current literature.

IN Milford, Mass., a new club was formed in June, 1897, called the "Quinshipang Woman's Club," that has a membership of two hundred.

The officers are Mrs. Mary G. Hobart, president; Miss Lucy S. Patrick and Miss Helen S. Eames, vice-presidents; Miss Josephine Thayer, recording secretary; Mrs. Marietta N. Dewey, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Lella F. Rockwood, treasurer, and the directors are Miss Anna M. Bancroft, Mrs. Mary F. Whitney, Mrs. Charlotte E. Greene, Mrs. Lucy A. Thomas and Miss Julia F. Darling.

The prospectus for the club year is very full, and great credit is due Mrs. Hobart, the president, for the excellent organization and the care with which the work is laid out.

The first meeting was held in November, when Mr. Charles Malloy, of Boston, gave an afternoon of Emerson, his lecture doing full justice to the splendid subject. Following, the lectures were by Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, of Plainfield, N. J.—a charming daughter of our beloved Mrs. Julia Ward Howe—who gave personal reminiscences of distinguished people; Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, of Amherst, Mass., gave "An Ascent of Fagi the Peerless;" Prof. John Graham Brooks, on "Social Sympathy Organized," was particularly strong, and Prof. John Fiske talked on the "Old and New Ways of Treating History."

The new year lectures are by Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson on "New Italy;" Mrs. Margaret Deland on the "Value of the Novel;" an illustrated one on "Birds," by Mrs. Kate Tryon. Then there will be a home day and what is announced as a "Symposium."

We welcome the new club most cordially and congratulate the two hundred ladies on their splendid work.

AMONG the long and well established clubs of the country, the "Old and New," of Malden, Mass., stands proudly at the front. It was organized far back in 1878, was incorporated in 1889, and federated in 1890.

The officers are president, Mrs. Eva J. Winn; vice-president, Mrs. Cora E. Pease; recording secretary, Miss Mary W. Perry; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Sarah F. Sargent; federation secretary, Miss M. Frances Parker; treasurer, Mrs. Cynthia M. Shepard, and auditor, Mrs. Abbie E. Stevens.

The club work is arranged under departments, one on Art and Literature, another on Science and Economics, and still another on Ethics and History.

The Calendar for 1897-1898 is arranged as follows: "The Songs of Shakespeare," with Mrs. Harriet E. Bean (the former president of the Dorchester Women's Club, four hundred members), as reader; Mrs. Maud C. Blanchard as soprano and Miss Helen Frost Bean as pianist; "The Beautiful, and what William Hunt has done with it," by Miss Annie H. Ryder; "Days with the Birds," by Mrs. Kate Tryon; "American Eloquence," illustrated by four prominent readers; "Some

Women in Brittany," by Mrs. A. M. Mosher; "The Study of History," by Mr. Edwin D. Mead; "Facial Expression," by Dr. George H. Monks; "Some Researches in the Realm of Psychology," by Doctor Fillebrown; "Chester, England, and Harwarden Castle, the Home of Mr. Gladstone," by Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs; "The Home and School," by Mr. George E. Gay; "Modern Surgery," by Dr. G. B. Blake, and a symposium of club members on the subject of "The Bane and Blessing of Gifts."

UNDER the title of "Civic Art" the programme of the Covington, Ky., Art Club for the year contains such subjects as: The Value of Good Architecture, Sky Lines, The Height of Buildings in Relation to the Width of Streets, Outer Rural Decorations, Parks and Public Gardens, Grass Plots and Lawns, Monuments and their Mission Treatment of Posters and Signs.

Heretofore the programme has required the members to bring to each meeting sketches illustrating given subjects, but for the coming year a wider range is permitted. The sketches must be forthcoming, but with the exception of a design for a valentine, the choice of subjects is left to individual tastes.

At each meeting a committee criticises the work submitted, pointing out all defects as well as calling attention to what is good. In this way the members secure instruction as well as entertainment, and the meetings are helpful.

The literary feature of the club has always been secondary to the art work, although the papers have been in the main very carefully prepared, and, in some instances, the half hour paper, or talk, has been the crystallization of months of study.

The club having no home of its own, has never kept the papers and sketches brought to the meetings, but returns them to their owners. Very frequently the members exchange work.

In the twenty years of its existence the Covington Art Club has been a source of inspiration and encouragement to its members, and has stood for something in the community. It celebrates its twentieth anniversary by broadening its lines so as to admit associate members.

THE Women's Club, of Waterbury, Conn., is a remarkably active and prosperous one, numbering two hundred members and extending the courtesy of honorary membership to Mrs. Harriet H. Robinson, of Malden, Mass., and Mrs. Emily G. Smith, of Waterbury.

The officers for the year are Mrs. Emma L. Kingman, president; Mrs. Charlotte B. Hill, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Webster and Mrs. Flora S. Russell, vice-presidents; Miss Ella Hart, recording secretary; Mrs. Nellie A. Buckley, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Bertha P. Hart, treasurer and Miss Florentine H. Hayden, auditor.

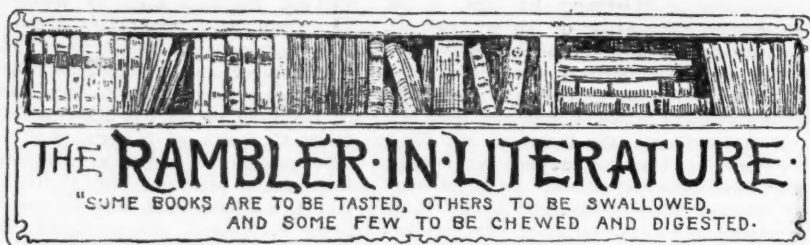
The club calendar gives a very varied and attractive series of lectures and studies under Ethics including "Dress Reform," from an ethical and practical standpoint,—the "Sacrifice of Birds to Fashion," "Are we as a Race, Degenerating?" "Iceland," its history, inhabitants and customs, with exhibition of curios, and accompanied by Icelandic folk-song, this lecture to be given by Lady Anna von Rydingsvard.

THE Woman's Club of Waban, Mass., although a small one, is doing a grand, good work, as will be seen by the following topics taken up and carefully reviewed.

The first afternoon was devoted to "Art in Massachusetts," by Mrs. A. H. Willis, to be followed by "Literature in Massachusetts," by Mrs. C. S. Norris; "Natural Science," by Mrs. C. V. Campbell; "Education," by Mrs. Wm. C. Strong; "Philanthropy," by Mrs. Wm. H. Gould; "French History," by Mrs. S. R. Reading; "Music," by Mrs. L. M. Flint; "American History," by Mrs. Alex. Davidson; "Books of the Year," by Mrs. John H. Robinson.

Mrs. Charles H. Clarke is president of the club; Mrs. George Rice, vice-president; Mrs. John P. True, secretary and treasurer. The directors are: Mrs. S. R. Reading, Mrs. W. C. Strong and Mrs. A. S. Barnes.

As with all the clubs, the Woman's Club of Waban, has debated whether or not it is better to devote the entire year to one subject, rather than to make the work general. The keen interest shown this season, however, seems to prove the favor for a variety in the club study.



"A Romance in Transit."

WHEN Mr. Francis Lynde writes a story with railroad life for a background, you may count on a bit of reading that is well worth your while. When you find added to this background a foreground made up of a youthful official who is personally conducting a party of tourists across our western country, and a girl, the daughter of the president of the road, who is traveling on the rear of this young gentleman's train in a private car, you have got a situation that ought to be interesting. At Mr. Lynde's hand it presently becomes intensely so. You see He has met Her before, a very ordinary but single occasion which neither of them have quite been able to forget. It is not to be marvelled at, then, that when the "Flying Kestrel," vestibuled, pulls out of the Missouri River terminal on its run to Denver, and the passenger agent in question finds attached to the train a private car which contains the president's party in general and She in particular, that he has reason to congratulate himself. Like the very proper Romeo that he is, he begins to wonder how he can so campaign it as to win recognition. His start is not auspicious. He meets the president on the platform of the "Naught-fifty," the private car, and is remembered, although not pleasantly, for the president recalls his daughter's manifest interest in this young man on the previous occasion. The head official casually remarks that the water-pipe of the stove in his car has broken and that the party will be considerably inconvenienced thereby.

Broadway, our hero, very promptly volunteers his services as a past mechanic. The president accepts with a cruel motive, for when the young artisan is making the

repairs, he ushers his whole party into the kitchen of the private car, so that his daughter may see our hero in overalls and jumper mending a range. But the president is beaten at his own game, for Miss Vennor is equal to the occasion and ends it by asking the passenger agent to dinner with party that evening in the "Naught-fifty." Despite parental opposition, our young man is found quite as capable of engineering a love-affair as he is a "personally conducted." His methods are in some instances audacious, but very taking. A master-stroke is his giving Miss Vennor a night-ride on the huge engine that draws the "Flying Kestrel," vestibuled, and more masterful still is his getting her to play engineer, and under his very close guidance you may be sure, to take the throttle and the reversing-lever in her own hands and thus assume control of the huge "ten-wheeler" beneath her and of the human lives behind her. But it is a delicious experience and a high trump card in the passenger agent's suit. Succeeding situations of a similar exciting and dramatic value are not wanting in "A Romance in Transit." The end of the whole matter is as we would have it, for our hero-official wins the girl, and after a very spirited interview with the president, in which he shows himself to be a young man of the right metal, wins his case in the higher court also.

Mr. Lynde's little tale is a fast moving one, quite as fast moving in fact as the "Flying Kestrel," on which most of its plot is enacted. It is admirably well calculated to be good reading on the cars, or for that matter, anywhere. The situations are never improbable, yet never dull. The art of telling a good story is emphatically Mr. Lynde's most conspicuous merit. "A Romance in Transit" is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"When Love Laughs."

MR. TOM HALL, one of the regular contributors to "The National," and a writer whose inimitable cleverness in producing humorous sketches is well known wherever magazines are read, has just given to the public his second volume of verse, entitled, "When Love Laughs," published by E. R. Herrick & Company. In his characteristically droll preface, "the author shamelessly acknowledges that he has not 'dipped his pen into the boiling crater of Vesuvius,' nor yet endeavored to 'write upon the blue vault of Heaven,' neither has he attempted to perpetrate any poetical 'fifteen puzzles,' by hiding his thoughts in ellipses and inversions. In fact, he has merely tried to create a few fancies for people who have not time to do so for themselves." What Mr. Hall has so tersely expressed, the reviewer cannot better. He can, however, add a word of liberal endorsement. Mr. Hall, by the way, together with Mr. James MacArthur, one of the editors of *The Bookman*, has just completed the dramatization of Ian MacLaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." The play is about to appear in New York, and its advent is being widely heralded and anticipated both by the press and the public. A very complete illustrated article on the dramatization appears in this issue of "The National."

A Charming Story of the Revolution.

QUITE the daintiest and most fetching little romance of the revolutionary period is "An Unwilling Maid," by Jeanie Gould Lincoln, just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The plot of the tale centers chiefly around a certain very patriotic and very quaint little maiden, Betty Wolcott, who is so far indiscreet as to fall in love with one of the enemy's officers, Captain Geoffrey Yorke. The scene is laid principally in New York and Connecticut and the events of the time form for the author's purpose a very effective historical background. New York, notwithstanding the horrors of war, was on occasions gay enough with balls and functions. Fear, for a time, seemed stifled beneath brass buttons and gorgeous gowns. As a heroine, Betty Wolcott is everything that is delightful, roguish and bewitching.

The one serious question that confronts her is the choice necessary "'twixt love and duty." But even this in the end she is not called upon to make, for her lover discards his rebel colors at the close of the hostilities, and coming over to the enemy is made a prisoner, but not of war. "An Unwilling Maid" is by no means the most brilliant romance that has been written of the Revolution, but it is doubtful if it is not the most charming one.

Kipling's Educational Effort.

THE gentleman who originally introduced us to the hill-country and the army life of India is fast becoming a man of astonishingly great resource. It is not every one who can write on such a diversity of themes as called for in "Plain Tales," "Jungle Books," "Barrack-Room Ballads," "The Seven Seas," and "The Light That Failed," and do it well. Rudyard Kipling seems to have accomplished this. And now appears his last book, "Captains Courageous," giving us a glimpse of the man in still another and new guise, that of the educationist. Of course, primarily, there is nothing of the text-book variety in this tale of the Grand Banks, but its author, on the completion of his task, has succeeded marvelously well in leaving in his readers' mouth, the strong taste of a moral. Just what this moral is you can determine when you learn that a young lad, the over-fresh and spoilt son of a Western millionaire, tumbles overboard, in a seasick faint, from the turtle-back of an ocean liner as she is passing the Banks. He is picked up by a doryman from the fishing schooner "We're Here," of Gloucester. On the recovery of his senses he forthwith tries to boss the boat, commanding the skipper to put about and land him at New York, promising as a reward almost any amount of money. Disko Troop, who has yet the fishing season and his livelihood before him, does not quite agree to this proposition. The boy becomes dictatorial when he soon finds himself lying in the scuppers with a nose bleeding very profusely and a face that is very sore. It was thus that an exceedingly spoilt child was ushered into the path that leads to manhood. After that the "young feller" begins to regard the world aright, and shortly becomes a

really valuable addition to the crew. With this incident as a dramatic opening, Kipling then proceeds to give us a somewhat minute and lengthy description of the fisherman's life on the Banks. The effort exhibits an amount of preparatory knowledge and local color at which one marvels. This description done by any writer other than Kipling would doubtless fall flat, or be interminably tedious. With Kipling, it is neither the one nor the other, although there are times when the reader feels himself being instructed rather than enticed. But on the whole, Kipling's rare imagination gives color and intensity to prosaic facts and plain situations. He ends his narrative by bringing the "We're Here" safe in port with a full load of cod and a boy who bids fair to become a very proper man. This boy on his landing immediately telegraphs his father in California, and Mr. Kipling is given the opportunity of epitomizing our American perfection in transportation by describing the flying trip of the private car "Constance," bearing a railroad millionaire from San Diego to Boston. This Mr. Kipling does wisely and beyond reproach. The book closes with the restoration of the supposedly lost boy to his parents. "Captains Courageous" is published by the Century company.

"An Enemy to the King."

THE play in which so many of you have seen Mr. Southern, the actor, at his best, has recently been embodied in the more permanent form of a book by L. C. Page & Company. "An Enemy to the King," by R. D. Stephens is out and out a product of the Weyman school. As a historical romance of the sixteenth century, it is hilt, blade and point like "A Gentleman of France," and "Under the Red Robe," although not of the same metal. It has for a hero a certain Sieur de la Tournoire who is everything that is chivalrous and daring, and perhaps phenomenal. He comes upon the stage at that troublesome period of French history just succeeding the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Night in 1572. The intrigues of the French court at that time furnished the occasion for many a bit of romance and exercise of sword-arm. In such situations our hero figures largely. An unfor-

tunate duel finally compels him to escape from Paris, an escape which is effected by the aid of Catherine, Queen of Navarre, and seek the Huguenot army in the south of France. He is pursued by the king's soldiers and the incidents of this chase form the major portion of the narrative. The novel is vigorous and rapid in every line. Adventure and encounter crowd upon each other. The story throbs with youth and the ideals of youth. Its hero is a veritable D'Artagnan, and the pace at which he travels permits no lagging on the reader's part.

"The Lord of Lowedale."

ANOTHER book that is confessedly modelled after Weyman's style and methods is one recently published by Estes and Lauriat, entitled "The Lord of Lowedale," by R. D. Chetwode. A romance of the sixteenth century, with an English lord who has been defrauded of his inheritance and sent to France, as a hero, it moves along with a dash and a go that is always characteristic of war stories. The Lord of Lowedale is carried to the continent by his designing relatives, led into a trap, and almost killed by them. On his recovery he finds his way to the court at Paris, and through influence, gradually becomes of service to the king. As a special courier to the king he is shortly sent with his trusted comrade, Ivo, on an errand of great importance to Poland. The adventures that befall him on the way consume a considerable portion of the story. The outcome is successful, the Lord of Lowedale being honored with great gifts from the king and recovering at the same time his English lands.

"Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors."

UNDER the above caption, Mr. James Barnes, who, by the way, bespeaks himself a lineal descendent of Commodore Bainbridge, has brought together a selection of yarns that are "less of the earth earthy than of the sea salty." They are stories descriptive of those feats of daring and engagements with the enemy that made our American navy famous in the war of 1812. Many of these stories have been frequently told before in print, and told well, but they seem to have lost nothing by still another narration at Mr. Barnes's hands. He has, however, given to several of them a new

version entirely, whether authentic or not we shall have to leave to the historian. Certainly a new interest is added thereby. The yarns are of a stamp that stir the blood and stir it rightly. Things are told in a spirited fashion well calculated to arouse the imagination and patriotic instincts of young America. Published by the Macmillan Company.

Some of Walt Whitman's Works.

THE series of letters collected in the little volume entitled "Calamus," and published by Small, Maynard & Company, were written by Whitman between the years 1868 and 1880 to his young friend Peter Doyle. They manifest more than anything else the phenomenal capacity for friendship which the author of "Leaves of Grass" possessed. To those who know nothing of Whitman, the present series of letters may seem valueless indeed. On the other hand, those who love him will find in them all that homeliness, honesty, and wholesome flavor that were the greatest characteristics of the man. In order that this acquaintance may be gained with Whitman, there has been prefaced to the volume, for the sake of those unfamiliar with this poet, a rarely intelligent introduction by Richard Maurice Bucke, M. D., one of Whitman's literary executors.

"The Theology of an Evolutionist."

THIS is the third book of a series by Dr. Abbott on similar subjects, "The Evolution of Christianity," and "Christianity and Social Problems," having preceded it. The object of the work in question is "to afford some aid to the perplexed by throwing upon the mystery of the spiritual life, the light which the philosophy of evolution has already thrown upon the material life. This may revolutionize theology, but it will strengthen and enrich religious faith; for religion is the spiritual life, while theology is the science of that life." Dr. Abbott has achieved his object in a simple, direct and thoroughly scholarly treatise. His own opinion on any question is never abstruse or veiled, but he takes his stand firmly and upholds it with clear evidence and reason, in which conjecture does not pass for fact. His is the standpoint of the theistic evolutionist, evolution being

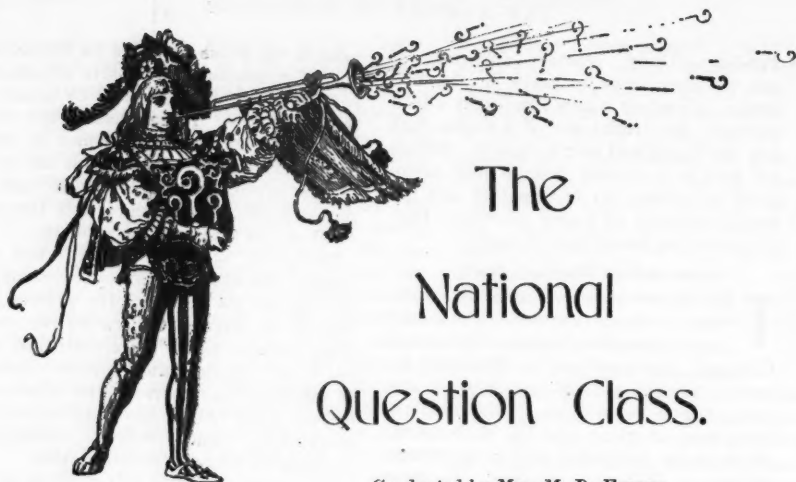
used in the sense in which Le Conte uses it. "A continuous progressive change, according to certain laws, and by means of resident forces," rather than in the sense of the Darwinian theory, which is, properly speaking, not evolution at all in its highest sense, but simply the doctrine of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest in the struggle.

Evolution, says Dr. Abbott, does not explain the cause of life. It is simply a history of its growth. He rejects the idea of an external God ruling the world from without partly by orderly law and partly by special interventions. Science is teaching that there is one immanent, eternal force which never increases nor diminishes, but which continually changes its forms of manifestation.

The place of Christ in evolution is the supreme manifestation of the divine in human form. Christ's divinity differs from the divinity of the whole race not in kind but in degree. What Jesus was man is becoming. Redemption is the evolution of the spirit through temptation to virtue. Virtue consists not in temptation removed but in temptation overcome. The law of sacrifice is inherent in the law of life. All life comes from the giving out on the part of some other life in sacrifice. The passion of Christ is God's suffering in giving spiritual life to man.

Dr. Abbott devotes two chapters to "Evolution and Miracles," rejecting some and showing how others are consistent with evolution. Lastly he touches upon immortality. He does not think this capable of scientific demonstration, though any one who has read Thomas Hudson's "Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life," or Dr. Smyth's "Place of Death in Evolution," will attest that it has been ably attempted. But Dr. Abbott says if immortality is not a demonstrated fact it is a necessary anticipation, without which evolution would be meaningless.

The book is in range with the liberal views of the most advanced and deepest thinkers on religion to-day. In fact, though Doctor Abbott nominally belongs to the orthodox school, the dividing line between his highly evolved orthodoxy and the more progressive unitarianism is so indistinct as to be practically indistinguishable.



The National Question Class.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar.

Key Study
"THE National" magazine wishes to have one hundred thousand members in the Question Class before the first of May. It is an ideal way to study and we intend shortly to make the course fuller and more complete.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CLASS.

All communications must be addressed to Mrs. M. D. Frazar, National Magazine, Boston, Mass.

In answering questions write only on one side of the paper.

Make your answer full and complete.

Give name and full address with answers.

All members of the class *must* be subscribers to "The National Magazine."

To become a member of the class apply to the magazine for a National Question Class Certificate.

Answers must be received before the fifteenth of each month.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JANUARY.

First Prize, to Harriette Dyke Ottman, Grand Junction, Colorado.

Second Prize, to Marion Gay, Kilsyth Road, Brookline, Mass.

Third Prize, to Thomas J. Butcher, Narciissa, Penn.

Fourth Prize, to Florence N. Levy, 63 West 73rd Street, New York City.

NOTES.

The second answer of Miss Ottman is not correct, but in spite of a few errors

the first prize is awarded to her for the general excellence of her answers, that show individual thought.

Mr. Thomas J. Butcher gave the correct answer to this question:—

Daniel De Foe's grave is marked by a monument which is the result of an appeal to the boys and girls of England for funds for such a memorial. It represents the united contributions of seventeen hundred persons.

The first "General" question was not answered entirely correctly by any. Professor Lowell has removed to the City of Mexico to continue his observations of "Mars." He was at Flagstaff, Arizona.

The real meaning of the word "Alp," is a height clear of trees, where flocks may graze or where little farms may flourish.

All the forests on the Switzerland mountains have been planted, the trees placed on what is called the system of "fives," as the Pulque plants are planted in Mexico. Spaces have been left free from trees, and these are called Alps. Hence the name for the Swiss and Bavarian mountains.

ANSWERS FOR JANUARY.

Literature.

1. Robert Burns placed a monument upon the neglected grave of the Scotch poet, Robert Ferguson, in Edinburgh. He did this from a feeling of gratitude as well as admiration, thus acknowledging his debt to Ferguson by whom many of the traditional forms and much of the peculiar

dialect of old Scottish border poetry had been handed down.

2. Hans Christian Andersen.

3. The lines from which the book "Ships that Pass in the Night" derives its title are in "Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Longfellow.

4. Torquato Tasso after seven years imprisonment was liberated and honors showered upon him. A day was named when he was to be crowned with the laurel wreath, but before the day arrived he died, the victim of poverty and persecution. His greatest work, "Jerusalem Delivered," is an epic poem relating the closing scenes of the first Crusade.

5. "Grayiella" is supposed to depict certain events of Lamartine's life.

Art.

1. James McNeill Whistler is a native of the United States.

2. The "Venus de Milo" is so called from the island of Milos where it was found. It is in the gallery of the Louvre in Paris.

3. The Venus de Medici was found at the portico of Octavia in Rome. It was carried to Florence by Cosimo III. (de' Medici).

4. Leonardo da Vinci's great fresco "The Last Supper," has been called the highest effort of Christian Art. It is in the old convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie Milan.

5. Canova executed a colossal statue of Washington, which was purchased for the state house at Raleigh, N. C. It was destroyed by fire in 1831.

General.

1. Professor Lowell is making a special study of "Mars" at Flagstaff, Arizona.

2. Planets revolve in an orbit round the sun, while stars maintain the same position, or very nearly so.

3. A glacier is an immense field or body of ice, or ice and snow mixed, moving slowly and imperceptibly down mountain slopes. Glaciers are always found in regions of perpetual snow.

4. An Alp is an eminence or height—a high mountain. The word is of Celtic origin.

5. The Simplon road was commenced in 1800 under the direction of Napoleon, and was completed in 1806. It is one of the

great engineering achievements of modern times—the road leads over the shoulder of the mountain from which it derives its name. It is in the canton of Valais, Switzerland.

Harriette Dyke Ottman.

Grand Junction, Colorado.

THE FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Literature.

1. What poet was drowned near Spezia, Italy, and what was done with his body?

2. What great poetess lived for many years in Italy, and is buried in Florence?

3. What two famous Americans lie in the same cemetery.

4. What two American poets are specially honored in Westminster Abbey?

5. Who wrote "Write me as one who loves his fellowmen?"

Art.

1. What was the most famous work of Hiram Powers?

2. What famous Flemish artist was sent on diplomatic errands, where and by whom?

3. What work relative to Marie de Medici is of special importance in the Louvre, Paris?

4. What did Quentin Matsys do to win his wife?

5. Much artistic work that stands in America was done in Munich. What is it?

General.

1. What were the Hundred Days?

2. What three men were actively instrumental in the Uniting of Italy.

3. Who introduced Louis Philippe to the French people as their citizen king, and when?

4. What is the London Stone?

5. What was the place of Sans Souci?

PRIZES FOR FEBRUARY.

First Prize: Library edition of "Quo Vadis," the great historical narrative of the time of Nero, and the book of the hour.

Second Prize: "St. Ives," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Third Prize: "Dariel," the last romance by R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone."

Fourth Prize: "The Martian," by George Du Maurier, the author of "Trilby."

PUBLISHER'S **LET'S** DEPARTMENT.
TALK IT OVER

ST. VALENTINE'S sentry appears on the cover page of this issue to greet the readers of "The National" magazine for February. This conception of Mr. Victor E. Searles is indeed original, and we hope the carrier pigeon will bring all readers messages of good will and love. Cupid, the little rascal, is probably sequestered somewhere about the tent awaiting the call for "sharp-shooters;" his darts are ready.

There is something sweet and tender about a little child's face, and Mr. Searles has truly caught its inspiration in this design.

LIKE the wise householder in holy writ "The National" magazine brings forth from its treasury things new and old. This time we present in our series of frontispieces, a specimen of the work of one of our oldest landscape painters, Asher Brown Durand. This is in contrast to the artists of the modern schools which we have heretofore shown. Mr. Durand was born in 1796, but did not become a painter until he was forty years old, previous to which time he had been an engraver. The picture which is reproduced in our frontispiece was painted when he was nearly sixty, but there is nothing of age suggested in the handling of the work. It breathes the spirit of out of doors, and is full of tender feeling and fidelity to nature. I heard a flippant young artist say the other day that "whatever might have been done with the figure in time past, it is only we of the present 'open air' school who know how to paint landscape." But there is much modern work that will not bear comparison with this gem of Durand's.

THE present publishers of "The National" have completed six months' service, and have now settled down on a well defined policy and will fight it out on that line if it takes fifty years. A

National magazine in every sense of the word, and to reach the real bulwark of national strength, we have decided to drive straight for the homes. We want every member of the household to feel a personal and direct interest in the magazine. Gracious, what a whole lot of experience comes in six months! And there are years more of it to come. Well, we are ready.

THE concluding chapter of "Burntwood Breeze," by Hayden Carruth, was presented in the January number of "The National" magazine. The number had been issued only a few days, when there came upon the publisher a volley of letters asking, "What became of the young boys afterward?" The inquiries came from boys and girls, and men and women, whose ages we could not determine even after a study in graphology, and strange to say there were no less than a hundred requests from newspaper men and editors in the West. The good natured and good looking author, Mr. Carruth, was telegraphed "More about the 'Burntwood Breeze.'" "All right for March," came the cheery response, and so in the March issue, our readers can continue to follow the fortunes of Chet and Harry in their western newspaper career. Mr. Carruth is a regular member of "The National" magazine staff, and is probably one of the most popular young authors of the new American school. His frequent contributions to *Harper's Magazine*, *The Century* and *Youth's Companion*, have given him an extended acquaintanceship with readers.

HOW rare it is to see a real type of Uncle Josh Whitcomb in the cities these days, or even in the country for that matter. The advent of the bicycle and summer tourist have quite transformed these old sturdy types until they almost remain to-day a matter of history.

Advertisers adopt the plan of fitting out a man to parade the streets attired in the "Uncle Rube" style to attract attention, and it does so. The real Uncle Josh seems to have been obliterated. A few years' residence in a city or contact with city people has worn it away. And who does not regret the extinction of the American type that more than anything else kept alive the popular conception of Brother Jonathan. Are we truly losing all individuality in appearance as well as in business interests in these days of consolidations and corporations? We hope not. God bless the sturdy Uncle Rubes. Their sons have become, in many cases, the leaders in finance, trades and professions. The old native shrewdness is only accentuated by the transplanting from country to city. How will it be on the turning of the pendulum the other way from city to country—back to the old soil again?

* * *

"WHAT is going to follow 'Christ and His Time'?" is a lively query this month. It has been decided to continue the striking and original feature of "The National" in publishing a religious serial. "Old Testament Heroes" will begin in the April number. The story of the famous Biblical characters will be studied and discussed in an interesting way—humanized, and the story told in Nineteenth Century English instead of that of King James's time. A number of prominent authors will contribute.

* * *

PEOPLE are beginning to realize how little there is of actual knowledge of the Bible. "The Book" is found in almost every household, but how few there are who read it so as to be as familiar with its incidents as they are, for instance, with the history of their own country. The reason, perhaps, is not far to seek. In the wise and laudable determination of the American people to separate Church and State, and in their eagerness to grant religious freedom to the diverse multitudes of various faiths who come thronging to their shores, the American nation has felt obliged to put the Bible as a study out of the public schools. We do not question the wisdom of this. Indeed we feel that it is inevitable if we

are to avoid the rocks of religious intolerance on which other ships of state have split. But this will explain how it is that the English or German child, who has a lesson out of the Bible every school day in the year, cannot, as a rule, be puzzled on the general facts of Biblical history. That you can very easily puzzle the American child, or indeed the American adult for that matter, any Sunday-school teacher will admit. Now this is a distinct loss in our opinion. John Fiske, perhaps our greatest living historian, says in speaking of the influence of the Bible on the English race: "It was a new revelation to the English people, this discovery of the Bible. Christ and His disciples seemed to come very near when the beautiful story of the gospels was first read in the familiar speech of every-day life. Heretofore, they might well have seemed remote and unreal, just as the schoolboy hardly realizes that the Cato and Cassius over whom he puzzles in his Latin lessons, were once living men like his father and neighbors. . . . They found the treasures of a most original and noble literature unrolled before them; stirring history and romantic legend . . . profound metaphysics and pithy proverbs, psalms of unrivalled grandeur, and pastorals of exquisite loveliness, parables fraught with solemn meaning, the mournful wisdom of the preacher, the exultant faith of the apostle, the matchless eloquence of Job and Isaiah, the apocalyptic ecstasy of St. John. . . . Great consequences have flowed from the fact that the first truly popular literature in England—the first which stirred the hearts of all classes of people, and filled their mind with ideal pictures and their every-day speech with apt and telling phrases—was the literature comprised within the Bible."

Are the American people losing this priceless influence?

Now that it has been taken out of our schools and colleges and little read in our home life, the Sunday school is the only place where any study is attempted.

But the one hour a week in Sunday schools is largely occupied with singing, and the balance of the time is given to study of the international lesson leaflets, which, taken from the Bible, ought not to usurp the place of the Book itself. Moreover, the international lesson sys-

tem, admirable as it is in many respects, gives the student a most fragmentary and disconnected idea of the Holy Book. Jumping as they do from the Pentateuch to the Gospels, and from the Prophets to the Book of Revelation, what wonder that the minds of children become confused and lose any idea of historical sequence. It would be the same if they were to study American or any other history in the same fashion. The German woman who inquired at Mt. Vernon whether Washington was a Union or Confederate general, had the same confusion of mind about the history of this country as many a Sunday-school child has who has no idea of the different conditions surrounding and the amount of time that has elapsed between the Patriarchs, the Prophets and the Apostles. Any Sunday-school teacher can tell funny stories of mistakes of this sort. And even if the Bible itself were read in the Sunday school, the few minutes a week devoted to study would not suffice to give any mind an adequate idea of its grand scope. So that we have before us the spectacle of a present generation growing up largely without a knowledge of the Book. College professors and teachers in high and state schools have said that their scholars will respond quickly to a quotation from Shakespeare when an allusion or quotation from the Bible will not be understood or heeded. At the same time scholars were never more active than now in Biblical analysis and investigation. With the help of recent discoveries and saner methods of criticism, the Bible appeals to the student more comprehensively than in the past. New truths have come to the surface, old truths are seen in larger light.

With the knowledge we have gained and are every day adding to, the heritage is more priceless than ever before.

A sneering contemporary remarked last month, speaking of the new Trinity Church portico, "what relation have these extinct Asiatic personages to us?" He is so far behind the times as not to be able yet to realize what is meant by that much abused doctrine "the brotherhood of man." The old psalmist knew better when he said: "He hath made of one blood all the families that dwell upon the

earth." These old Hebrews come close to the heart of humanity, and he who has not felt their influence does not know half his life. What is to be done with this growing interest of scholars on the one hand and the growing ignorance of the masses on the other? "The National" magazine for one answers: "We will have these matchless stories and priceless histories brought before the people in so attractive a manner that they will be won over to their study. We will show them the great pictures that the great artists have been inspired by them to make, and we will make the whole thing so vivid and real that this grand literature of the past, which, according to Fiske, has exerted so vital an influence on the English race, will tend to become once more an integral part of daily thought and the backbone of our religious study."

* * *

THE problem of the "submerged tenth" of our population is one that is being manfully met in a most practical manner by the Salvation Army. With poverty comes crime, and the much-scoffed, red-striped uniform of a few years ago has won its way into the hearts of the poor with its message of love, and to-day commands the respect of all thinking people. The colonization plan of providing good homes for the worthy poor, who are willing to work, is the true practical solution—"back to the land." Over four million people in this country are destitute to-day, and as many more in that awful suspense and unrest only known to those holding precarious positions and having uncertain incomes. Think you not there is a great question to solve? General Booth's idea is to change the man and change also his circumstances and environments. The army have already secured large tracts of land for colonization purposes in Colorado and California. If the Mormons flourished in this region and by means of this plan, why not the Salvationists? The great value and advantage of co-operation is little understood in these days of uncompromising competition. General Booth Tucker will have an illustrated article on the Salvation Army Colonies in a subsequent issue of "The National" magazine.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

IT is quite natural for us to think that advertisers are missing golden opportunities in not advertising in "The National" magazine. They are all coming sooner or later, and once "come" they "stay." It requires a certain stage of acquaintanceship to beget confidence, and old Doctor Johnson gravely remarked that "Confidence was a plant of slow growth." Talking of growth reminds us we will have to speak a word to the seed men this month. Sow your advertising seed in "The National" magazine if you want good returns.

NOW, let us take each reader aside for a moment and whisper confidentially. Read over every advertisement in "The National," and if you find anything you desire, write for it! You will do yourself, the advertiser, and "The National" magazine a favor. Our readers need not be timorous with our advertisers. We have refused no less than six pages of questionable advertising this month. Advertising must be clean and wholesome to go into "The National," no matter what price is offered. "The National" magazine finds and seeks the glow of the family hearthstone and desires advertising in consonance with the standard of the magazine.

THE little ballad, "Sweet Dreams of Youth," published in "The National" last month, appears to have awakened considerable interest among our young readers. One little miss, who gives her age as eleven, wants to know "Is there any story about the song? I just played and sang it to mamma, and we think it is pretty, although not so classical as my sister sings. She just sings 'Ah and E and O' all day.'" We are sorry we cannot have a little romance to go with the song. It was written for "The National" magazine by Mr. Lon Dinsmore, who is the composer of a large amount of popular music. In fact, he is a prolific writer, and writes music as rapidly as ordinary people write long hand. The song and words were simply recalled and awakened by the tender memories of youth, and it is indeed gratifying to feel that in a large number of readers the ballad has found a heart-felt response. Another young lady

proudly records that she had "mastered song and accompaniment," and longs for more to conquer.

IF there is any one thing that indicates the strong close connection between "The National" magazine and its readers, it is the numerous letters received this month making inquiries concerning some of our staff contributors. As Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp's "Christ and His Time" serial is to conclude in the next issue, he appeared to be the special attraction among our correspondents for this month. There were some half hundred, who, on one request and another, wanted to know something about him. For eighteen months past he has held the close attention of his readers in his masterly narrative published in this magazine. It has awakened deep interest in the Great Story. He has told the tale in a simple, yet fascinating manner, as every reader of "The National" knows. We are now making an effort to secure sufficient back numbers to supply the demand. Mr. Sharp resides at East Weymouth, Massachusetts, where he is settled over an energetic little church of the Methodist denomination. He is a graduate of Brown University, class of '95, and has been in his day under the influence of that great educator, President E. Benjamin Andrews. In addition to his parish and church work, Mr. Sharp is at present continuing his studies at the Divinity School of the Boston University.

NEXT to our own distinguished Americans, there is no personage in which Americans feel a more close and personal interest than Queen Victoria. The Victorian age will indeed mark an epoch in the world's history. And there is a softening of latter day asperities against royalty when the true character of Queen Victoria is known. Her hold upon the people has been her genuine womanliness. She has occupied an exalted position, and yet her real life differs little from that of the average high-minded wife and mother. The reign of Victoria truly spans an intensely interesting era of history. Mr. Woods's article in this issue is one of intense personal interest, dealing entirely with the childhood of the famous queen and honored empress.



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From the painting by George DeForest Brush.